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The Week

THE next move in the negotiations regarding the outlawry of war is now up to the United States; and the decision which Mr. Kellogg must make is an important one. Japan has followed the other chief powers in accepting the American proposal "in principle." Like Great Britain and France, she insists that certain existing obligations must not be impaired. By this Japan means the League Covenant. France means the League, Locarno, and her alliances with the succession states. England means the League, Locarno, and British suzerainty in certain unnamed parts of the world, presumably Egypt and the Suez canal. But Mr. Kellogg has repeatedly insisted that the treaty should follow the lines of the text proposed by the United States: it should be a simple declaration against war "as an instrument of national policy." To seek to embody in its terms definitions of defensive warfare, or any other special reservations so numerous and serious as those which are proposed, would, in his opinion, be disastrous to the spirit of the proposal. He seeks a moral commitment against the use of force, not a fresh duplication of the League Covenant. He is not even willing to have the United States enter a conference for the discussion of terms, in the well grounded fear that any compromise document which might emerge would have no recognizable resemblance to what he offered the world in the first place. Will he now go back to his first proposal and start over? Will he sign the American treaty with Germany, and let the other powers come in when they change their minds about it, if they ever do? Or will he yield to Anglo-French-Japanese objections and try to write a document which will reconcile irreconcilable points of view? And if he does the latter, what will the United States Senate have to say when the text is laid before them?

THREE striking developments in the Far Eastern situation have been seen during the past week. First, something of a cabinet crisis has occurred in Japan, and is clearly connected with the Chinese policy of the Tanaka government, which has been subject to strong criticism in one section of the Japanese press. Second, the drive of the Nationalists toward Peking has slowed up, as was to be expected as the lines of communication became longer. Third, the Nanking government has made public copies of a group of intercepted telegrams purporting to show a close connection between Chang Tso-lin, overlord of the Peking government, and Japan. These documents may or may not be genuine; they might be published by the Nanking authorities in good faith and yet be forgeries: the manufacture and sale of spurious evidence of this sort is as familiar in the East as it is in Europe. Japan has certainly been the friend of Chang in the past, but whether this will continue in the future probably depends upon his own ability to keep his head above water. Already, rumors have been heard of Japanese approaches to the Nationalists, looking toward a friendly understanding when and if they capture Peking. This is *realpolitik* with a vengeance; and no one plays it better than Japan.

ON THE same day that he vetoed the McNary-Haugen Bill, denouncing it with a vehemence which seemed out of all keeping with his character, Presi-

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dent Coolidge signed the Jones-White Bill, giving to shipping men the assistance he denied to the farmers. The two most important provisions of the new law are the loan fund and the mail subsidies. The amount available for loans to shipbuilders is increased to $250,000,000, on which the interest rate is to be as low as that paid on any government security except war savings stamps, which means an average of about 3.25 percent. The mail subsidies may be made for periods as long as ten years. In future, government-owned vessels may be sold on agreement of five of the seven members of the Shipping Board, instead of requiring a unanimous vote; in the past some sales of ships have been balked by one or two members merely because they believed that the terms offered constituted an outrageously bad bargain for the United States.

WITHIN twenty-four hours after the bill had been signed, applications had been made for loans on four new transatlantic liners, designed to make the passage in four days. Ship-yard owners were predicting a boom, and it was announced that the government-owned passenger fleet, headed by the "Leviathan," may be put on the market shortly. Personnel remains a difficulty. Fifty percent of the crew, stewards included, must be American citizens. Since the stewards constitute about half the crew of a passenger ship, and since it is difficult to get Americans to serve in that department, deck and engine-room men will need to be almost entirely recruited from among our own citizens. It remains to be seen whether the encouragement to our merchant marine will be as great as is predicted. But if it is not, it won't be for lack of sympathy and aid from the Coolidge administration.

THE action of the Consolidation Coal Company, owned and controlled in large measure by Rockefeller interests, in reorganizing its industrial policy, is typical of what should be done in the industry as a whole. By closing its less efficient mines and concentrating production in its lower-cost properties, it will be able to provide more full-time operation and more steady employment than before —though for fewer men. It is to be hoped that this reform will be accompanied, as is hinted, by higher wages and collective bargaining with the United Mine Workers. Such a change is so obviously in the direction of economy that one wonders why it has not been made before, and why it is not immediately imitated by the other large companies. Perhaps the rub is that the policy cannot be effective unless adopted by the industry as a whole. Many of the inefficient mines are not owned by large companies who also have efficient ones in which production may be concentrated. And unless the productive capacity of the country is materially reduced, cut-throat competition is likely to continue to make trouble even for the efficient. The responsibility of the great complex of industrial interests which, as Mr. Suffern pointed out in a recent issue, exercises such a large measure of control over the coal industry, goes further than the execution of reforms in single companies. There still remains, too, the problem, as in other industries, of what to do with the men displaced and thus permanently unemployed. We fear that the evils of coal cannot be solved by old-fashioned individualistic methods, however intelligent.

WHATEVER may be the final fate of the Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam bills, they have at this writing had far better going than most of their friends expected at this session of Congress. Both House and Senate have, for the first time in ten years, actually passed a well drawn bill for government operation of Muscle Shoals, chiefly for power production, while the House has passed the Swing-Johnson Bill for Boulder Dam, amended by Representative Davenport of New York to make it compulsory for the Secretary of the Interior to build and operate the power plant, instead of leasing it to private companies. The former measure will probably be vetoed, while a Senate filibuster may, as it did last year, prevent the passage of the latter. In both cases, however, the decks are cleared for action in the future. The President, if he vetoes the Muscle Shoals bill, will have to assume responsibility for a policy in defense of the private power interests, and the issue is thus likely to be injected into the campaign in such a way that the public may be widely informed about it. In the latter case, if a vote is not reached in the Senate, the bill will remain on the calendar as unfinished business for next winter's session, since this Congress does not go out of office during the recess. We cannot leave this subject without expressing the highest appreciation for the work of Senator Norris on Muscle Shoals, who for years, with the utmost intelligence and vigor, against terrific obstacles, with little popular support and without hope of reward, has striven to protect the public interest in this highly important issue.

DR. ABRAHAM Flexner has announced his resignation as Director of Studies and Medical Education for the General Education Board. The mystery which was at first made of his resignation by the press has been cleared up through a statement made by himself in England. His resignation has not been the result of any disagreement between the Board and himself, but has been occasioned by his desire to devote his time to study and constructive criticism of education both in the United States and Europe. It is obvious that as a private individual Dr. Flexner can speak his mind more freely than he could as one of the important executives of a great foundation, when what he said was likely to be regarded as reflecting the view of the organization. Dr. Flexner's great service to the cause of education during his fifteen years'

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service with the General Education Board needs no journalistic underlining. His fine report on medical education did more than any other single enterprise to cure the shocking laxities in many medical schools; he has subsequently expended nearly $50,000,000 of Rockefeller money in the improvement of medical education, in a manner which has won the endorsement of all impartial authorities. As he closes one career we look forward with interest to the beginning of a new one in which, it is fair to assume, he will find his usefulness unimpaired and perhaps augmented.

REPRESENTATIVE A. J. Sabath of Illinois has had what he thinks is the happiest thought about prohibition since the late and partially lamented Eighteenth Amendment was passed. He proposes to amend that Amendment, with another clause which would almost completely reverse its meaning. The manufacture, sale or transportation of liquor would still be prohibited, *except* that the federal government would provide for its manufacture, and its sale in packages, under the system which is in use in Canada and, more or less, in Holland and Sweden. Mr. Sabath presented to the House Judiciary Committee, at a hearing on the subject, any quantity of statistics to show how badly things are going under prohibition in the United States, and how well they are going under the government-dispensary system in Canada. His dream is indeed a bright one; but we doubt whether even Mr. Sabath has any hope of getting his proposal seriously considered. A majority of Congress is dry, as to votes if not as to personal habits, as has been the case ever since the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect in 1920. Even if Congress were to pass the new amendment, any thirteen states could prevent its adoption, even the thirteen with the smallest population. There are twenty states which have prohibition written into their own Constitutions; there are thirty-three which were dry before 1920. Only three states out of forty-seven have ever agreed even to the comparatively meaningless anti-prohibition gesture of repealing their state-enforcement laws; when such action was proposed in four states in 1926, only one of them accepted it; in the four states, the combined dry vote was 1,323,971, and the wets mustered only 967,548. Even those Americans who are opposed to prohibition seem more willing to nullify than to admit openly that a mistake has been made, and to seek to rectify it.

THE Department of Commerce report on the balance of international payments for 1927 reveals no startling developments since the report for 1926. Though the total of American investments abroad during the year was nearly $2,000,000,000, our net export capital, if we subtract refunding operations, discounts, foreign repayments of interest and principal, and new foreign investments in the United States, is reduced to only $671,000,000. Our receipts on the foreign debt, both private and governmental, are almost exactly balanced by such "invisible" items as expenditures of our tourists abroad, remittances of immigrants to their home countries, charitable contributions, and payments to freight carriers—if the Department's figures are correct. It must, of course, be borne in mind that these invisibles are difficult to ascertain with accuracy. By such statements the Department seeks to quiet the worry about any adverse effects on our economy of large foreign investments and repayment of the Allied war debts. They do dissipate some of the cruder fears, but they do not affect many of the most important questions at issue. A complete account of any nation's international exchange, including all invisibles, is bound to balance approximately, for the simple reason that it is a piece of book-keeping set up so that it will balance.

PROBLEMS raised by investment of American capital abroad certainly cannot be ignored, now that it is realized that this nation has succeeded Great Britain as the chief source of foreign investments. The total of our foreign loans from 1920 to 1927, it is announced, was something over $6,800,000,000, or more than $2,500,000,000 greater than Britain's. From one-fifth to one-sixth of our new capital has been used in this way. The two problems chiefly concerned were raised the other day by Frederic C. Howe's objection before the Academy of Political and Social Science, that foreign loans decrease our own wealth and lead to political entanglements which may produce war. It would be difficult to maintain that an embargo on foreign lendings would benefit us. Nevertheless, there is something wrong when such large amounts are going abroad when many people lack work at home. Surely something might be gained by some form of social control of investment. And there can be no doubt that sometimes foreign loans, made chiefly with a view to the profit of the underwriting bankers, involve danger of military intervention or war. As a beginning to an understanding of the situation, the measure suggested by Mr. Howe, that the details of all foreign loans should be publicly recorded with the State Department and the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, would help a great deal.

THE Social Science Research Council has performed a useful function in giving $150,000 to be spent during the next five years in agricultural research. Heretofore the main effort of science in this field has been directed toward larger crops, new varieties, improved technique, and checking the attacks of insect enemies. The Council, recognizing the truth which Mr. Chew points out elsewhere in this issue, that just now farmers don't need to learn how to produce more, is endowing a series of research fellowships into the economic and social aspects of farm life. An investigation recently

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made by a special committee revealed the fact that the research now being done in the field of agriculture is far inferior to research in industry. Eighteen men have already been appointed, from colleges in all parts of the country, for the first year's work. It is unlikely, to be sure, that any of these eighteen, or their successors, will find any magic formula as a cure-all for the farmer's ills; and it is not expected that they will. But their research can hardly fail to be useful; and it is pleasant to find the unfair discrimination against agriculture and in favor of industry righted for once, even if only in regard to a modest piece of research by a modest number of scholars.

FOR some years, special summer conferences devoted to international affairs have been held in various parts of the country, the best known, of course, being the Institute of Politics at Williamstown. We are glad to note the beginning of a tendency to discuss domestic questions in the same way. One such meeting is being held each year at the University of Virginia, and the Sixth Commonwealth Conference at the University of Iowa, at Iowa City, this summer, is again to be devoted largely to this theme. To lead the discussions, a remarkable array of college professors of political science has been gathered. The list of topics includes such important questions as farm relief, Boulder Dam, Muscle Shoals, the public utilities investigation, the oil scandal, injunctions in labor disputes, unemployment, reapportionment, prohibition, Nicaragua, Mexico, and the outlawry of war. Those who intend to come to the conference (which meets July 9 to 11) are asked as a preliminary to read a handbook which is the best thing of its sort we have seen. It gives a few pages of facts on each of the twenty-two topics for discussion, clearly and simply stated in an admirably judicious spirit. In fact, we can hardly see why anyone who has diligently read the handbook should need to go to the conference, or any conference. No doubt those who attend will be justified by the notorious fact that no one ever reads the good, informative background material he is supposed to.

Statesmanship by Negation

THE quarrel between President Coolidge and Congress which ruffled the closing days of the recent session should provide a pensive American citizen with a lot to think about. It implied more than a superficial or fugitive difference of opinion and its attendant irritation. It does in fact unloose a flood of light upon the frustrated state of mind of the average Senator and Member of Congress in respect to his job as legislator, upon the deplorable maladjustment between the national legislature and the national executive and upon the dominating disposition and unconscious impulses of Mr. Coolidge's own make-up. The explosion of acrimony and defiance on the part both of the Capitol and the White House probably startled those who participated in it, and observers in Washington certainly did not anticipate it. The proceedings of the House and the Senate had, considering the approach of the presidential election, been unusually placid. There had been no warning of any lively or profound tension of feeling between the two chief departments of the federal government. Yet suddenly it burst, and bursting as it did at a moment which was extremely embarrassing to the ruling Republican party, it is manifestly the expression of frictions among and within parties, factions, interests and individuals in Washington which for one reason or another theretofore had not received any sufficient release.

The complete technical independence which a President enjoys with respect to Congress has always embarrassed the operation of the American governmental machine. The machine has operated in spite of it partly because Americans are practical people who rarely allow disputes to interfere with indispensable business, but chiefly because the national parties assumed the job of subordinating the two independent departments to a common authority. But the adjustment between them has always been incomplete and precarious, and it has usually involved the assumption of an aggressive role either by the executive or by Congress. The periods of Jefferson and Jackson were on the whole characterized by presidential initiative and congressional acquiescence or opposition. The Republicans after the Civil War ruled chiefly by means of a congressional majority, with which the President rarely interfered. There followed under Roosevelt and Wilson an era of progressive legislation, initiated usually by the President and frequently opposed by Congress or forced upon it by an appeal to national public opinion. Congress, towards the end of both Roosevelt's and Wilson's terms, had became profoundly irritated by the domination of the occupants of the White House, and its irritation had a good deal to do with the nomination in 1920 of a man like Harding, who was nothing if not accommodating. The congressional leaders really hoped and expected to restore the congressional government which had prevailed during the last thirty years of the nineteenth century, but it was not to be. Since Harding's death they have made no headway. The recent explosions of ill-temper by both Coolidge and Congress bespeak the failure of Congress to reëstablish its own supremacy and the indisposition and inability of Mr. Coolidge to revive anything like presidential government.

Since Mr. Harding's death the President and the majority in Congress have continually crossed their wires and interfered with the transmission of each other's energy without apparently any sufficient reason. They have both usually belonged to the same party, which unquestionably represented a

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very large majority of the American people. Mr. Coolidge commanded to an unusual extent the confidence of the ordinary American citizen and the support of the press. He received in the election of 1924 an extraordinary endorsement from the American people. There has been no general disposition to dispute the theory of a limited irresponsible government for the benefit of property which he has preached with such wearisome reiteration. Yet, with the exception of tax reduction, which was politically necessary for everybody, he and Congress have rarely succeeded in working together. He began by playing down the scandals of the Harding administration, whereas the Senate wished to play them up. Congress has defeated almost all the important measures proposed by the President, and the President has vetoed again and again the bonus or agrarian legislation in which a large majority of Congressmen were vitally interested. During Mr. Coolidge's terms of office the American people have had an administration, but they have not had a government which was capable of legislation. Congress has not been able to force its will on the President, and the President has not been able or disposed to force his will on Congress. They have each thwarted the other, and the mutual interference has resulted finally in a lively explosion of ill-temper on both sides.

The impotence of Congress to restore congressional government is due in part to the decadence of the American parties and in part to the debility of Congress itself. Formerly both parties embodied coalitions of interests and sections which formed a working union. But now the agricultural interest of the far west is fighting within the Republican party for its right to prosperity against the dominant industrialism of the eastern and middle-western Republicanism, while the Democrats of the large Northern cities and of the cotton states have nothing in common except their allegiance to a name and the desire and occasionally the opportunity of profiting by Republican quarrels. There is no effective party majority in Congress; nor does any existing majority represent a consensus in public opinion sufficiently dynamic to dominate the presidency. Popular inertia in matters of opinion ought to favor congressional as contrasted with presidential government, but it has not helped Congress in its contest with Coolidge, for one good reason. American public opinion recently combined inertia with uneasiness. Mr. Coolidge has specialized in dogmatic inertia and Congress in being uneasy. The American mind sustains its complacency by what golfers call pressing, and it puts up an appearance of social equilibrium by impounding behind a dam the present and prospective causes of instability. Congress, more than the President, is the victim and the indicator of this conflict between condition and theory in American consciousness. It is a talking and conferring body which loses force unless it is able to base decisions upon thorough and candid discussion. It gives a half-hearted expression at present both to the uneasiness of American opinion and its evasive and forced complacency. It cannot govern a society whose infirmities it merely reflects.

Since 1917 the legislative impotence of American government has coincided with increasing administrative activity and efficiency. The executive has undergone a process of aggrandizement at the expense in part of Congress. In spite, consequently, of the general political lassitude and debility, it might have been possible for an aggressive executive to revive presidential government, but our two recent Presidents could not or would not take the initiative and push it. If Mr. Harding had not been inclined to yield to Congress, he never would have been President. Mr. Coolidge has not possessed either the temperament or the outlook of a leader. He is fatuously content with things as they are, and on those rare occasions when he has produced a presidential policy and tried to induce Congress to accept it, he has failed and he has taken his defeat lying down. Nevertheless, he has not coöperated successfully with Congress. Now that his term is drawing to an end, the President and Congress are as much irritated with each other as if Mr. Coolidge had tried to follow the domineering tactics of Roosevelt and Wilson.

Congress, as we have pointed out, is partly at fault, but the chief responsibility belongs to Mr. Coolidge. He is a man who rarely shows much interest in getting things done or in participating with other people in positive action of any kind. His doctrine and temperament are expressed most completely through negation in the services of dogma. He is the resolute and convinced incarnation of the will to frustrate the dynamic element in human affairs. He governs by means of the veto. It is the instrument by which from his point of view an American President can perfect the American commonwealth. The exercise of the right to veto congressional legislation stimulates all his faculties. It arouses in him the feeling of thoroughly satisfactory personal activity. He will retire from the White House with a pang chiefly because he can no longer admonish and correct Congress by writing veto messages and so prevent it from leading the country astray. It was with a kind of stern and righteous joy, curiously combined with exasperation and appropriately expressed with garrulous discursiveness, that he recently drew his presidential sword and beheaded once again the McNary-Haugen monster. His acerbity may have originated partly in the regretful anticipation that he may be deprived of the satisfaction of executing another McNary-Haugen Bill. He may have felt the desirability in the circumstances of discrediting once and for all such pernicious legislation. But whatever the motives, it was the very severity of his stricture which touched off the pent-up exasperation of Congress. Its members had suffered so often at the hands of Mr. Coolidge's self-righteous censor-

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ship of dynamic legislation that for a moment they flared up in angry defiance.

Mr. Coolidge's admirers have sedulously propagated the legend that there are unplumbed depths to his mind. "He has remained to Americans at large," asserts one of them in a recent book, "what he has always been, a strict and somewhat grim enigma, inhumanly efficient and inhumanly silent." In point of fact he is very humanly inefficient, very drearily and humanly loquacious and not in the least inscrutable. He belongs to one of the commonest of all civilized types—that of the pedant. He is an unusual pedant in that he is also a practical and a successful politician, but unmistakably pedantry is the clue to his personality. Like most pedants, he is disinterested, consecutive, confident of his own sufficiency, repetitious, garrulous about his favorite subjects, preoccupied with petty affairs and at bottom an embodiment of congealed sentimentality. His pedantry has managed to adapt itself to the routine demands of practical politics, and it does not interfere with the exigencies of success in his sphere of professional activity. But it pervades and dominates his judgment on all questions of public interest. The pedantic statesman may be useful and effective in opposition, but as a leader or as a participating member of a progressive society he is a lamentable failure. The President who is also a pedant is nothing short of a calamity. He can let projects of which he approves go through and he can veto projects which do not fit into his formulas, but he cannot start anything; nor can he coöperate in carrying through public activities which are experimental rather than stereotyped. It is his function and passion to proclaim righteous principles which are sanctified by custom and to vindicate their value by preventing misguided people from ignoring or violating them.

The Southern Cotton Mills Reply

READERS of the New Republic may remember Mr. Paul Blanshard's articles on Southern cotton mill conditions, later published as a pamphlet by this journal in enlarged form, under the title "Labor in Southern Cotton Mills." This pamphlet has been widely read in the South. A number of prominent Southerners, under the leadership of Bishop James Cannon of the Methodist Church, have formed a committee to work for the amelioration of the conditions discovered, addressing an appeal to the mill owners. Apparently the employers have been moved to the necessity of self-vindication, for at the convention of the American Cotton Manufacturers' Association which has just met in Richmond, their chosen spokesman, Mr. W. D. Anderson, president of the Bibb Manufacturing Company, made a long speech defending the mill conditions, accusing the Bishop of tactlessness and unfamiliarity with the subject, calling the other students of the matter socialists and agitators, and in general promising to be good without any outside assistance.

One of the most important sections of Mr. Anderson's speech dealt with hours of work. In this he said:

"Bearing in mind that today cotton-mill wages are largely on a piece-work basis or a 'per hour' basis, I challenge the advocates of shorter hours of labor in the mills of the South to put the question to a vote of the mill employees themselves. We have straw ballots on everything else, why not a straw ballot on this?"

The New Republic accepts this challenge with alacrity—provided Mr. Anderson will allow such a test to be applied to his own workers in Columbus, Macon and Porterdale, Georgia, after a fair presentation of the issue.

Mr. Anderson evidently believes that workers who are receiving such low wages as are paid to his employees will be forced by the threat of starvation to vote against a reduction of hours if it means a proportionate reduction of wages. Perhaps he is right; there is a level of income below which no worker can go and survive. The workers of the Bibb Manufacturing Company have been working eleven hours a day and twelve hours a night for an average wage in the neighborhood of $12 a week. The day rate of the company's workers in Porterdale, Georgia, has been $10.80 a week. To ask workers who have been receiving such wages to submit to another reduction would be sheer brutality, but many of them might prefer the reduced wages to the sixty-hour week.

If Mr. Anderson is sincere in his challenge, why should he not invite Mr. Blanshard or some other spokesman of social reform to debate with a company official in a public hall before his workers and submit the question of working hours to a secret ballot under the direction of Georgia college professors? Professors suitable for this purpose might be drawn from the newly formed Southern Economic Association. Mr. Blanshard, who is already scheduled to debate a Southern cotton manufacturer in North Carolina in June, is prepared to visit Georgia also.

Perhaps Mr. Anderson's challenge is mere bravado. The fundamental question concerning the labor policy of his mills cannot be determined by a straw vote on working hours. Is the Bibb Manufacturing Company able to reduce its hours below eleven hours a day and twelve hours a night without reducing wages and still make a reasonable dividend on its actual investment? We challenge Mr. Anderson to submit that question to the decision of any competent impartial body, and we suggest for the purpose the Southern Economic Association, the Department of Research of the Federal Council of Churches, or any impartial group from

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the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. The New Republic is confident that funds can easily be raised for the purpose of such a study.

At the Richmond Convention there were many signs of a disturbed conscience among Southern cotton manufacturers. In discussing wages, hours, and mill village feudalism, speakers were on the defensive. Mr. Anderson was warmly applauded when he denounced night work, although he pleaded guilty to the practice in his own mills. Coming from the head of one of the largest mill corporations in the South, his denunciation of the inhumanity of the night shift was astonishing.

"I doubt the wisdom of having an appreciable percentage of the population of any community work continuously at night. The night hours are not the normal period of labor for human beings. I am disposed to think that for people in large numbers to work continuously at night is going counter to the laws of nature. I am quite sure that it is not best for the human race that women and girls—the mothers of the race—should work throughout the night. It may be that the present development of our civilization seems to require some night work on railroads, in hospitals, in the operation of the telephones and the telegraph, for example. There is a justification for continuous night work in these lines. I do not believe that we can say that the necessities exist in the case of cotton mills."

Mr. Anderson's pronouncements would inspire more confidence if he would abandon propaganda statistics and admit frankly that Southern cotton mills have the lowest wages and longest hours of any large manufacturing industry in the United States. Instead of doing this, he completely ignored government investigations and sought to prove that wage earnings in Southern mills are only $4.09 per worker per week less than Northern earnings. He selected the figures of the National Industrial Conference Board for two months in 1927, and, in the manner of a magician who produces rabbits from empty hats, displayed a figure of $16.33 per week as an average wage for Southern cotton-mill workers. The National Industrial Conference Board would not itself venture to describe these figures as typical of Southern wages. Its pay-roll figures from Southern mills are so meager as to be quite untypical. The only authoritative estimates of Southern mill wages are those of the Census of Manufactures and the Bureau of Labor Statistics.

According to the Census of Manufactures, the cotton-mill workers of Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina and South Carolina had weekly average earnings in 1925 of $12.02. Southern mill wages went down thirty-three cents a week between 1923 and 1925. The most favorable estimate of the wages of any large body of Southern cotton-mill workers places the North Carolina operatives for 1926 at $13.63 a week.

In spite of complete statistical refutations, the Southern cotton manufacturers are still parading an old estimate made by one of their own members to indicate that Southern mill workers receive a wage equivalent of $4.36 a week above their Northern brethren. The manufacturer who made the estimate refuses to reveal to the National Industrial Conference Board or any other agency the source material for his estimate. Meanwhile the National Industrial Conference Board, which has produced the only thorough-going comparison of the cost of living in Northern and Southern mill centers, estimated the cost in a Southern mill village above that in a Northern mill center after taking into account all the philanthropies of the Southern village.

Mr. Anderson declares the trend of weekly earnings in Southern mills is upward. Where is his proof? What Southern corporations have recently announced wage increases? It is true that earnings of cotton-mill workers in Georgia increased eleven cents a week from 1923 to 1925, making a grand total of $11.42 a week in 1925, but the wages of workers in the Carolinas decreased during that period, so that the increases in the lower South have been more than outbalanced.

The Southern manufacturers have been cut to the core by the fact that Bishop Cannon of Washington is leading the fight against them for shorter hours of labor in the mills. The Bishop and other members of the new Southern Industrial Council are standing up bravely under persecution and are forcing public consideration of the mill-village problem. Several progressive professors who have attacked the manufacturers are already doomed to forced resignations. But what of it? What is a professor for if he cannot speak the truth?

A Violent Veto

THE bitter resentment among farm leaders which President Coolidge's veto of the McNary-Haugen Bill has aroused is, in our opinion, deserved. It may have, and it ought to have, a serious political reaction. Perhaps, as "T. R. B." says in his Washington correspondence in this week's issue, the veto has made no new enemies and no new friends for Mr. Hoover, since his attitude on farm relief was already well known. The most important political question, however, is how seriously those opposed to Mr. Hoover and the administration on this issue are going to take their opposition. Hitherto, after shouting in a menacing fashion, they have dutifully joined the parade behind the banner of the Republican party and its drum majors. If they are by now disaffected enough to make their disaffection count, and really believe that they must march in a different direction from the captains of industry, there will be a different story to tell either in June or in November.

We say that the resentment is deserved, not because we favor the McNary-Haugen proposal, but on account of the temper and language of the veto

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message, which symbolizes the whole attitude of the administration not only toward the farmers' ills, but toward the economic problems of the country in general. With most of the President's detailed objections the New Republic has been and still is in agreement. There is a danger that if higher prices were maintained for agricultural products, production would be stimulated, there would be a growing surplus to dump abroad at a loss, and farmers themselves would suffer in the end, either through the payment of a heavy equalization fee to make up that loss, or through the abandonment of controlled marketing. The administration of the measure, especially in regard to collection of the equalization fee, would be complex, difficult, and costly. Traders and middlemen might profit, if anyone profited, rather than the producers. Retaliation on the part of foreign countries might be aroused.

But these dangers, in the mind of such a President as would command our support, would give rise to a far different message from the one that Mr. Coolidge has written. For, in the first place, they are dangers that the measure would not be successful in practice. They are dangers that the objective it has in view could not be achieved in this way. And in the second place, they are dangers that inhere in a particular piece of machinery projected for a particular duty, under special circumstances, not dangers universally to be found in all machinery of the kind, under all circumstances. Such considerations would give rise to a message which would say: "I favor the end you seek, but after giving the matter careful study, I am afraid the measure which you have devised will not work. It is my duty to say so, before you plunge ahead." Or such considerations might even give rise to a willingness to allow the experiment to be tried, after an expression of doubt. But they would not lead to violent adjectives and absolutes of opposition.

To say in this connection that "fiat prices match the folly of fiat money," or to declare that the bill would "poison the very well-springs of our national spirit of providing abundant rewards for thrift and for open competitive effort," or to assert that no agency should have power to alter "the cost of living, influence wage levels in all lines of industry and affect conditions of business in every part of the country," or to prate of "an economic law as well settled as the law of gravitation," is to give expression to an economic fundamentalism which would prevent effective social control for any kind of farm relief or any other desirable purpose. Such lofty distrust of collective human agencies also involves a (probably unconscious) hypocrisy. For while Mr. Coolidge talks of the iniquity of maintaining high prices at home and dumping products abroad, thus giving advantages to foreign competitors in the world market, he favors the protective tariff, which is a political device for effectuating precisely the same result in behalf of manufacturers. And although he expresses horror at the prospect of the "lobbies of Congress" being filled with "emissaries from every momentarily distressed industry" demanding subsidies, he has just signed a bill, supported by an able lobby, subsidizing shipping. In short, the farmers would be justified in inferring that the President, like most fundamentalists, reserves the special providence of God for the interests nearest his heart while denying it to others, that he takes as a matter of course the use of governmental powers to aid business profits, while naïvely denying the possibility of so using them for agriculture.

Though the President may justifiably distrust the McNary-Haugen plan, why did he, through the Budget Bureau, deny the few millions necessary to experiment with the planned agricultural colonies in the South recommended by the Commissioner of Reclamation? It is true that he has supported a farm-relief bill drawn by his Secretary of Agriculture, but this was so obviously created as a rejoinder to the proposals of the farm block itself that it could not command a respectable following. And the tone of the McNary-Haugen message would lead the farmers to suspect that he would favor no relief bill except an ineffective one.

The issue, as now drawn by the veto message, is not between one specific measure for farm relief and other possible measures—an issue which might yield to argument. It is an issue between those who speak for agriculture and those who control industry. It is an issue between those who want to use the government for ameliorating the economic ills of those unable to grasp individual economic power, and those who want the government to fall into disuse, except as an agency of the powerful. On this issue there can be no compromise, and the farmers have the right of it. We can easily imagine that a political leader who stood on their side of it, but who doubted the efficacy of the McNary-Haugen device, might win their support for something better. The fatal fault of Mr. Coolidge as a statesman is that he is incapable of doing so.

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The Agricultural Depression

I. *Some Suggested Remedies*

WHATEVER one may finally decide to be the trouble with American agriculture, it is not inefficiency. In output per farm worker the United States is unrivaled. Before the War, the average person engaged in farming in this country produced about three times as much as his average competitor in the United Kingdom, Belgium, France, and Germany. Since the War, American superiority in this respect has been increased. It is estimated by the U. S. Department of Agriculture that in the five years 1922 to 1926 the productivity of the average American farm worker was about 15 percent greater than in the five years 1917 to 1921.

No other country, with the possible exception of Canada, has kept pace with this progress. In Europe agricultural progress has been delayed by political and financial disorganization, and by agrarian reforms that have doubtless promoted justice but have not as yet promoted efficiency. Moreover, the United States excels in the technique of marketing and distribution as well as in the technique of production. A mistaken contrary impression has been drawn from the successes of Canada and Denmark in coöperation. Grading and standardization of commodities, the first essentials of efficient distribution, are in force in the United States over more products and throughout a wider field than anywhere else.

These facts support the farmers' belief that the remedy for their difficulties is not to be found in any action they might take alone. Making two blades of grass grow where one grew before, and finding the best possible markets for those two blades, are helpful activities, no doubt; but they do not insure agricultural prosperity. Farm bankruptcies in the United States from 1924 to 1926 were ten-fold greater than before the War, and the bankruptcy rate tells only part of the unhappy story. More farmers since the War have lost their property without bankruptcy or foreclosure than have lost it through such means. Still others, actually insolvent, retain their property only through the leniency of creditors.

It is clear that the agricultural problem is national rather than occupational, and that its solution is only partly in the hands of the farmers themselves. On this point there is substantial agreement, not only in agricultural circles, but wherever the farm problem is sympathetically discussed. As to the true nature of the malady, however, the widest diversity of opinion prevails. This article will glance at the more generally accepted diagnosis, and a succeeding article will indicate what, in the writer's opinion, is principally the trouble.

Perhaps the most widely held, and yet the most easily refuted theory, is the doctrine that agriculture suffers chiefly from a discriminatory tariff system. It is not necessary to prove, in order to explode this notion, that agriculture benefits equally with industry from the tariff. It probably does not. But it is untrue that the benefits of the tariff are wholly one-sided.

Farmers commonly blame the tariff for the disparity between prices of farm products and the prices of industrial goods, on the assumption that agriculture is exposed to the full force of world competition in world markets, whereas industry, being largely on a domestic basis, enjoys very effective tariff protection. As a matter of fact, neither branch of production is wholly on one side or the other of the foreign trade fence. Much of our agriculture is on a domestic basis, and more of it will be eventually; on the other hand, many manufacturing industries share with some branches of agriculture the necessity of meeting world prices both at home and abroad.

It is a truism that the ability of any industry to profit from tariff protection is determined by its relation to foreign trade. Industries producing a surplus for export find their prices determined in the world market rather than in the home market, regardless of the tariff. Agriculture, however, is in this position to a lesser degree than farmers commonly suppose. In the calendar year 1924 no less than 45 percent of our imports of dutiable articles consisted of essentially competitive agricultural products.

Usually we import about 55 percent of our wool, 49 percent of our flaxseed, 40 percent of our edible nuts, 80 percent of our sugar, 17 percent of our lemons, 12 percent of our cheese. Our dairy, beef, and sheep industries are as fully protected by the tariff as any manufacturing industry. When wool, butter, and beef come in over the tariff, as they regularly do, the occurrence reminds the farmer of what he would face without the tariff. Agriculture is moving rapidly into a position in which the tariff will be of increasing importance to it, as is shown by the fact that our agricultural exports, which in 1880 constituted 84.3 percent of our total domestic exports, amounted in 1926 only to 40.7 percent of the total. Industry, of course, is moving in the opposite direction.

Implicit in the tariff theory of the farm depression is the belief that the real difficulty is the fa-

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mous disparity between the prices of farm products and the prices of industrial goods. In 1921 the average exchange value of 30 representative farm products, in terms of non-agricultural goods, was 31 percent less than before the War. This disparity has now been reduced to about 9 percent. Nevertheless, it is regarded by most farmers as the very essence of the agricultural depression.

On a long view, however, the post-war relationship of agricultural to industrial prices looks more like a natural reaction from a previous advantage, than an evidence of something seriously out of joint in the price-making mechanism. From 1896 to 1910 the prices of farm commodities rose more than the prices of industrial goods, with the result that world-wide attention was centered on the increasing cost of living. From 1910 to the beginning of the War, agricultural and industrial prices moved horizontally, neither group gaining or losing in its relative position. During the War, agricultural prices regained their preferred position, so that in 1919 the farm commodity price index stood at 109 percent above the pre-war level, whereas the index of the non-agricultural price level was only 99 percent above the pre-war average. It is, therefore, reasonable to consider the post-war reversal of the trend, not as a proof that agricultural prices are depressed unjustly, but merely as an inevitable temporary correction of a favorable position maintained almost uninterruptedly twenty-five years.

Another view as to the principal cause of the farm depression is based on the familiar fact that, in periods of depression, wages, freight rates, and other agricultural expenses remain high long after farm commodity prices have fallen. This irregularity in the cyclical movement, with its tendency to narrow or wipe out the margin between farm costs of production and farm commodity prices, is by some economists ranked first among the farmer's troubles. Some extremists assert, indeed, that nothing else is seriously wrong.

Doubtless it is a contributory influence in the depression. Agriculture, partly because of its greater dependence on foreign markets, has greater difficulty than industry in shifting to the consumer the burden of freight rates, taxes, and distribution costs. Therefore, the fact that freight rates on agricultural products are nearly 60 percent higher than before the War, whereas farm commodity prices average only about 38 percent higher, is important. Not less important is the fact that the direct taxes paid by farmers annually run to about $900,000,000 now, compared with about $350,000,000 before the War. Farm taxes have increased more than 150 percent in a period during which the gross value of farm production has increased only about 60 percent.

But the significance of the delayed adjustment of wages, freight rates, and other farm expenses, as a factor in the agricultural depression, can easily be overestimated. After all, this phenomenon is merely the other side of a previous advantage enjoyed by agriculture. Farm expenses are high now in proportion to farm commodity prices; but they were low during the war and the post-war booms. In January, 1917, says G. F. Warren of Cornell University, farmers received for food products more than twice the pre-war prices, although wages were then only 31 percent and freight rates only 1 percent above the pre-war level. Other items in the farmers' expenditures were correspondingly low.

A lagging but nevertheless purely compensatory adjustment of different groups of costs and prices can scarcely be regarded as the efficient cause of the farm depression. It leaves unanswered the question why no reserve against depression was created when the chance to do so existed. Moreover, the irregularities of the cyclical adjustment are largely self-regulating. Although freight rates, from the manner in which they are imposed, are apt to be rigid, wages, taxes, and interest rates undergo adjustment more or less readily. Farmers are already getting relief in the shape of lower wages and interest rates, and something is being done about taxes.

One of the strongest influences in the farm depression, namely, overproduction, is often brushed aside as of small consequence. Overproduction, despite the most convincing evidence that it persists, is rejected altogether by some economists. For years now, in its outlook reports, the Department of Agriculture has found it necessary to preach restraint in production, particularly in cotton growing and in certain branches of the livestock industry. American agriculture was greatly expanded during the War; notably in cereal and meat production. Contrary to the common belief, its output has not been reduced as a whole since the War, despite the impoverished condition of some of its principal foreign markets. In the nine years since the World War ended, our farmers, despite a decrease of more than 13,000,000 acres in crop land and a decrease of more than 3,000,000 in farm personnel, have increased their production more rapidly than the country's population has increased. Of all the factors commonly cited as responsible for the farm crisis, the production situation is undoubtedly the most potent. Yet even this influence seems hardly capable of bearing the weight usually put upon it. Farm production has been readjusted among different crops, if it has not been reduced in volume since the War; and it must not be forgotten that the market is always increasing.

Lacking quantitative measurement of the elements of an economic situation, personal judgment may go astray in deciding which are the important factors. The view now to be stated, and developed at more length in a succeeding article, cannot claim exemption from this danger. But all the above-mentioned influences combined, despite their undeniable power, are, in the writer's opinion, less important causes of the farm depression than a fundamental change which has taken place in the last

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few decades in the relationship of labor to land.

This change, long in preparation but not clearly manifested until quite recently, is the substitution of land for labor as the scarce element in our agricultural economy. As a result, the division of the earnings of the joint product of the labor and the capital invested in the agricultural industry has become unfair to the farm operator, except in the comparatively small proportion of cases in which he is master of the land and capital required in his business. But for this handicap, the average farmer would resist the influence of temporary overproduction and maladjusted prices as a healthy body resists tuberculosis. Distress exists widely in American agriculture today mainly because competition for a diminishing supply of land has burdened farm operators with excessive capital charges, and caused a more or less general effort to defeat the law of diminishing returns.

ARTHUR P. CHEW.

The Dear Old D. A. R.

THE organ peals out a rousing march. Pages in white proceed down the aisles with state flags. Lady generals, sparkling with sashes, badges and bars, are escorted to the platform by their aides. A Marine sounds the bugle call. The chairman of the flag committee leads the salute to the flag and the pledge of allegiance (recently amended to include "of the United States of America" so as to make sure that no other flag can be meant). "The Star Spangled Banner" and "America" are sung, a bit shrilly. The chaplain general (even a chaplain can be a general here) pronounces a prayer. The heroic Tyler Page, clerk of the House of Representatives, recites "The American's Creed." Hoorah! the convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution is on!

Applause resounds throughout the hall, interspersed with such ringing phrases as "the most glorious flag in the world," "the best nation on earth," "*my* country," "Anglo-Saxon children," "the sanctity of the home and religion," and "the land for which our ancestors gave their blood." A solo called "Our Own United States." Quotations from Edmund Burke, Calvin Coolidge, George Washington and Senator Smoot. Cheers for Smoot's latest epigram: "It is impossible to support the American flag and the international flag at the same time." The glories of war. Wild applause. The glories of peace. Mild applause. Universal Draft, Citizens' Military Training Corps, Patriotism, Americanism, Red-bloodedism.

Even a chapter meeting of the D. A. R. cannot be dull. Somebody will mention a radical, a Bolshevist, a pacifist, or worse still, an internationalist. Groans and pained clucks ensue. "Horrible!" "Deport them!" "They want a Soviet Russia here!" Now the party's in full swing. Somebody reports that her pastor—think of it, a good Baptist cleric—advocated loving your fellow men even before they love you! "Yes, love them," pipes a Daughter, "but with a big stick." An outraged Daughter announces receipt of a request for a contribution from the National Council for the Prevention of War. "I wanted to tell the writer where to go, but——" "He wouldn't have much peace there, would he?" interposes another Daughter. Somebody found a lewd definition of love, undoubtedly the work of a Red, three miles from a high school. Somebody else reads a Senate resolution to outlaw war. A Daughter with a black velvet neck band whispers the name of John Haynes Holmes. "He's not a Christian! He's not a Christian!" "The country is in danger!" "The principles for which our forefathers fought are being attacked!"

The note of danger has been sounded long enough. The dear ladies must be placated. Somebody mentions National Defense. Relief. Of course there's National Defense! The country can be saved. All that is necessary is Preparedness. Americanism. One-hundred-percent-plus patriotism.

What is the matter with the dear old girls of the D. A. R.? Why have they abandoned the reverent task of marking soldiers' graves, or even the livelier one of distributing American flags among orphans and women in reformatories, for these exciting and undignified assemblies? To be sure, even the old girls, nowadays, want their thrills. But much more is involved here than the dullness of middle-age. An enemy, subtle, insidious, is threatening to run off with the D. A. R. halo.

Remove their one glory from the good Daughters, and what have you? On the whole, they are not wealthy women; most of them are no longer young and beautiful, few are personally distinguished. Without their glory, they are really no more than you and I. True, it is a borrowed glory—based on deeds of one's ancestors, Revolutionary patriots—but it can be polished up to shine very brightly. And the pacifist, the internationalist, they are told, would annihilate it! He would put this nation, for the founding of which the forbears of the D. A. R. gave their blood, on a par with other nations. He regards arming it as distrustful and unfriendly. For him there is no glory in patriotism or war. How, then, can he be endured by the dear Daughters whose distinction is their descent from patriots and warriors?

I spoke to one of the most idolized ladies of the organization. She is the mother of five children,

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the wife of an army general, and not at all militant-looking like some of her sisters. Each of her children was born during a war or some other disturbance that took her husband from home. "Can any woman pray for peace more than I?" she asked me, with tears in her lovely blue eyes. "But what can we do if it is ordained otherwise? Human nature can never change. Wars can never be eliminated. We must sacrifice and be ennobled. We must give and be rewarded in the hereafter." The D. A. R. rightly makes of this brave lady a General and a heroine. The internationalist would suggest that she is—not quite bright.

William Allen White, perhaps piqued because he has been blacklisted by the old girls, charges them with succumbing to the brass buttons. True, a few are related to military men and many more are distantly connected, through their husbands' business occupations. And the brass-button boys usually do address them at their meetings and tell them what fine girls they are. Well, what of it? Don't we all like to be appreciated? Has not the feminine heart always fluttered before a uniform? Why can't these heroic girls, too old for romance, accept, without criticism, the friendship and counsel of the patriotic boys, too old to fight?

The D. A. R. do not pretend to be omniscient. When in doubt, they consult those who should know. They supported Secretary Wilbur's Navy Bill because they felt that he, better than anybody else, knew the needs of his organization. When they were in search of information about poison gas, they quizzed the chief of that division. When they want "the truth about war," they call upon a man in the service. I heard a colonel address them at one of their chapter meetings on the so-called "horrors of war." The door was locked so that no internationalist from the building (the meeting was held in the Young Women's Christian Association) could straggle in. To disprove the supposition that war is horrible, the colonel had figures and charts comparing the number of persons killed in a year of warfare with those who die from kicks by mules. Despite the gasps of the enthusiastic listeners, this was evidently old stuff to them, for when he contrasted our annual expenditure on chewing gum with our paltry military appropriation, my severe-looking neighbor poked a bony forefinger into me and said: "Wait till he comes to cosmetics!"

National Defense, alias Preparedness, alias Militarism, is of concern to the D. A. R. because it is the means of perpetuating their prestige. But what has lured 168,000 women into the organization in the first place? What keeps them in it after they have proved their eligibility? Why are 1,000 more clamoring for admission each month?

True, the organization, aside from its military interests, does some good work. Women like to add to their occupations of sock-mending and tea-giving something for humanity, American humanity. It gratifies them to help in the education, real American education, of backwoods children, and to convert a cosmopolite into an American booster. But as much as they pride themselves, and justly, on the number of trees they plant annually and the graves they mark, it is undoubtedly the exclusiveness of the organization that chiefly warms our good women to it. After all, it has been estimated that only 2,000,000 women in the country are eligible for membership, and even of those, many can't prove it. Who wouldn't be proud to belong to anything from which most of his friends are barred?

In an organization based on heritage, it is natural that great emphasis should be placed on genealogical work. To ordinary folk, ancestry tracing is a pastime like cross-word puzzle solving, but the D. A. R. take genealogy, like Reds, very seriously. They employ eight expert genealogists to help aspirants prove their Revolutionary descent, and twenty-eight clerks in beautiful Continental Memorial Hall in Washington to handle the applications and other historical papers. They have amassed Bibles, wills, deeds and all sorts of town and county records in this great search into the past. Membership papers are bound into huge red tomes, very much like the volumes of the Congressional Record in appearance, and safeguarded in a fire-proof room. The D. A. R. feel that one day they will have the most valuable library in the world.

The dear Daughters never grow weary of telling how they worked out their genealogy, and speakers at their meetings invariably start by linking themselves up with a cousin to Washington. One good Daughter spent seventeen years establishing one Revolutionary line in her ancestry. She already was a member of the organization, but for each extra Revolutionary ancestor a Daughter may wear an additional pin. Some ladies flash eight and ten pins on their badges; one had over twenty. One conscientious Daughter traced her ancestry all the way back to a French barbarian king.

In line with National Defense the loyal old girls have organized children's societies, so that our youth may be impressed with the ideals of the D. A. R. forbears before the "subversive" forces sidetrack them. At one time the Daughters could rely on the schools, but no longer, what with the influx of radical educators. As the director of the C. A. R. (Children of the American Revolution) told me: "The schools are becoming international-minded. One country is getting to be as good as another, and that will never do." The children who can never, never be C. A. R.'s, just as you and I can never, never be D. or S. A. R.'s, are organized into groups known as the Sons and Daughters of the Republic.

I attended several meetings of the children's clubs, and was amazed to see how deftly they are fed out of a D. A. R. spoon. For example, on one occasion they were discussing Lindbergh. "Why do we like Lindy?" the leader asked her group. "He

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flew across the ocean," popped one boy. "For what else do we like Lindy?" "He was brave." "He didn't show off." "Now we don't have to get seasick when we go to Europe." "We can get there fast." But the director was still not satisfied. "Why else do we like Lindy?" she persisted. The reasons had been exhausted. "Because," she told them, "he was, above all, a good American citizen."

Historical interest spurs ambitious Daughters to produce scholarly papers on grandmothers' quilts, why we should remember the month of February and the history of Towanda county. Recently there has been a tendency on the part of some college professors to deprecate these historical endeavors. But impervious to criticism, confident of their greatness, sacrificially, the dear Daughters plod on, visiting the schools, blue-penciling the history texts and testing the blood of the instructors for redness. Those who thumb their noses at the past rarely escape the severity of the retrospective old girls.

This was well illustrated at the recent hearing on the big navy bill. Mrs. William Sherman Walker, chairman of the National Defense Committee of the D. A. R., appeared at the hearing in support of Secretary Wilbur's bill. Dr. William I. Hull of Swarthmore, as representative of the Church Peace Union, came to oppose it. Mrs. Walker could have forgiven the deluded professor, though grudgingly, for his stand on the bill, but when, in reply to a pertinent question by a member of the committee, he said the justification of the American Revolution was debatable, good Mrs. Walker was incensed. Her colloquy with Representative Britten follows:

> MR. BRITTEN: Did you hear Dr. Hull, who said that for thirty-two years he has been teaching history and international relations to students of Swarthmore College?
>
> MRS. WALKER: I did.
>
> MR. BRITTEN: Did you hear him say he did not know whether he could justify the action of the colonists in resorting to armed conflict in 1776?
>
> MRS. WALKER: I did.
>
> MR. BRITTEN: What do you think of that type of instructor for a great institution of learning?
>
> MRS. WALKER: I think that the least I would suggest is that he be deposed from his position in that institution. If any other country would take him, I would suggest that we send him to that country.

Nothing faint-hearted about the dear old girls of the D. A. R.! Despite all pooh-poohing blasphemers, they will blaze on, stoking the fires of '76.

DUFF GILFOND.

Our Leaders

The Re-Discovery of America: XIVa

FROM our definition of the censor as a man (or institution or idea) ruling externally to what is vital in a group, and hence impeding its growth and consciousness, we may deduce the leader. He is one whom others follow because his action illumes the consciousness and will of what lives integrally in them and because to act with him articulates or fulfills their life. The censor is related to the group as a master to slave or herd; men's compliance to him is an expression of their impotence, yet brings them satisfaction not alone because it makes them secure but even more because an extraneous behavior forced on them, hides and anesthetizes consciousness of what they really want. This is why the censor is often passionately loved. The leader, by contrast, is related organically to the group as is the consciously acting mind to the instinctive.

In a reign of censorious Power, leaders are needed. But in such a world, leaders will not be found. Since our America, wholly released from the old fragmentary forms which parcelled us until the Civil War, has spread into a horizontal spilth of atoms under a shell of industrial and mannered uniformity; since, therefore, it is not an integrated body, its lack of a head, of a mind, of organizing deed (the qualities of the leader) should not surprise us. But this does not mean that we do not act or grow. The period after Lincoln, for example, produced no political leader. And yet, as Mr. Beard points out in "The Rise of American Civilization," much social-democratic growth took place. Such reforms as conservation, civil service, the taxing of wealth, the control of public utilities, woman's suffrage, were arrived at blunderingly, unconsciously, almost inadvertently by the instinctive pressures of the American mass. The nominal leaders, even the leading parties, had such issues of advance *forced* on them: they reluctantly took them over as a means of winning votes. A similar inchoate, leaderless advance might be traced in other realms of American endeavor. America since its reduction, fifty years ago, to plasmic birth, has been advancing without leaders.

The archaic America of Sections of course had leaders. Between this lineage that includes John Cotton, Roger Williams, Jonathan Edwards, Washington, Jefferson, Calhoun, and our era of blind mass action, stands the mythic Lincoln: the true symbol of the transfiguration of a world that died with him into a world to which his death gave birth. To call the period which followed one of Reconstruction, is to be "previous": Era of Instinct would

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express it better. The survivors of the old Americas (Whitman, Emerson, Melville), were but survivors of themselves. American artists were either exiles in fact, like Henry James and Whistler, or in spirit, like Ryder. The politicians were too feeble to be even first-class censors. The level of America rose blindly through leaderless social action. The Corporation, the Combine, were creators of Rockefeller, Hill and Morgan; even as the trade union was the creator of Gompers. Business grew instinctively, it had no leaders and it did not lead. Labor grew by reflex action upon capital. It was leaderless and without values. The industrial advance was as unconscious as the advance of a colony of corals. It needed unconsciousness to do, unhindered, its gross instinctive work. To this end, it revamped the myths of the old America it was devouring; hid the truth of its acts from itself under cover of an ideological mirage. Churchman, journalist, politician poured out the opiates of rhetoric and "tradition"; censors like Choate flew at reform, branding the income tax as communistic and labor unions as instruments of Satan. Censors like William Dean Howells were ready to explain the ineffable distinction between Russian men and women who sinned, and the American citizenry whose way was virtue. Occasional folk poets like Mark Twain, unable to fail to respond somewhat to the facts, censored their own confessions. The advance of labor was no whit less unconscious than that of capital. It, too, thought only of the problem of production which is mechanics, and ignored the problem of consumption which is consummation—value, life. It censored the truth by a similar appeal to the ideologies of an America which never had existed. Plasmic growth needs darkness. . . .

Now, at the century's close and the century's beginning, comes a hint of transition. No leaders emerge. But there rise figures who are not merely censors. Political leaders, in the exact sense, who proceed sincerely under the Constitution, we must not hope to find, since the Constitution itself has become a censor. When we reach men like William Jennings Bryan, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, we find that their originality is not political at all; that the extent to which they qualified as politicians precisely disqualified them as leaders. The good about these men is poetic. They articulated certain pristine traits in our emotional nature. But their importance lies in the fact that by endeavoring to express these traits *in political terms* they once more brought politics into touch, however faltering, with American life. The schools of "Tsar" Reed, Mark Hanna, Platt, etc., had made themselves dissociate from the instinctive American mass in order to express the censorship of legalized property-power. The mass yearned for this guidance, but it had grown too irksome. Now came men who expressed not the old laws and ideologies altogether, but the emotional substance which these had ceased to nourish.

Roosevelt appropriated political notions as they were forced on him. When he talked ideas, he talked dead, like his friend Lodge of Boston. But he dramatized his job, he poeticized his platitudinous thoughts. He caught up the muscle-tension, the muscle hunger, the primitive lust of spectacle and action, in American life. His strenuousness was a show; but he was the first since Jackson to make the arduous frontier into a political expression. Roosevelt was not a lawyer, he had a contempt ill-concealed for constitutional restrictions. This helped him. By lyricizing the game of State with human impulse, Roosevelt promised to American life a glimpse of how politics *might* once more concern it.

Very close to him was Bryan, whose ideas also rested on an ineffable complacence.[1] Bryan's populism was as far from an integral democracy as was Roosevelt's Hamiltonianism from a true concept of the aristocratic function. As leaders, these men were singers of old ballads with pale cracked voices. But Roosevelt had embodied frontier muscle, in political form; now Bryan bespoke the dreams of the frontiersman's hearth. He was the poet of numberless petty groups lost in the jungle of giant Combinations. He stood for the feminine feelings: for peace, church, grape-juice. And all that confused his childish mind—science, war, Big Business, he was shrewd enough to turn into a foe. He, too, was a lyrical figure, psalmodizing in politics rather than in ballads. The frontiersman home with his wife before the twilight log understood him, shared his notions about the Devil East and, with his famelic song to rouse him, found in politics once more an emotion to express him. Fortunately for America, the appeal of these two men was not united in one person: else we might have had a perpetual dictator.

Purer but not more intelligent was the socialist Eugene Debs. His demonology of Big Business, his borrowed Marxianism, had small relation with the America where he applied them. His division of business and labor into bad and good, into "possessive" and "creative" does not bear scrutiny. He, too, was a wistful lyricist in politics. Deficient in intellectual understanding, he mirrored the Rousseauistic thirst that persists beneath the smoke of the mill. . . . Finally, there was Woodrow Wilson, the most eloquent of them all, the glozer in oleaginous verbalisms of the "messages" of these three whom for an hour he succeeded. Wilson, too, sang a song which made appeal to frontier memories. The pioneer needed muscle and sentiment—and an evangel. He could never so devotedly have razed his forests and accumulated money without a preacher to rationalize and to veneer his action.

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1 See the introduction of his autobiography, where he recites the beatitudes of being born to the greatest epoch of the greatest nation, of the greatest race and with the holiest religion, in all the history of the world. And see Roosevelt's autobiography for a portrait of an empty man being gradually filled, from the outside, with "progressive" standards.

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Woodrow Wilson, as Edmund Wilson has stated, was this preacher. And as such he gave Americans a show. Through him, they played the role longed for by all Americans, of rescuing crusader to benighted Europe. The rejection of his program, the snub he received ere he had even sailed for Paris (in the congressional elections) prove that America instinctively knew Woodrow Wilson. A preacher is all right in his place. But if he leaves his pulpit to enforce his sermon in actual life, he must be rebuked—as was Wilson.

None of these men was a leader; all of them in practice served as censors. Their gestures of liberation caught the loyalty of the American folk; but within them and moving forward was no liberative method. For method of action, they were rooted in the old America, or the old world, whose deliquescence released men toward them. They took up this need to revive politics with life and cheated it with verbalisms. They led back the more censoriously, in their pretence that they were leading forward. To have made their impulse true, they would have had to revaluate profoundly the ideals and institutions of our country. But Roosevelt, Bryan, Wilson accepted our temporary capitalistic order as a final value! And Debs rebelled against it with conventional counters to capitalist production. The impulse that does not fructify in action falls to reaction. The logical outcome, therefore, of Roosevelt-Bryan-Wilson is Harding and Coolidge: of the sentimental revolt of Debs is the present bankruptcy of our revolutionary movement.

The foundations of our study make it plain why we need not look for leaders in the field of professed religion. The Neo-Thomists of France are proving that the Catholic organism still has the inertial strength to draw men into its magnificent echo. The Zionists reveal that Prophecy still lives in Israel. But in America, the old religious forms are corrupt and broken: they support censors who exploit the prestige of the pulpit to defend the habits of a class, and a few virtuosi who make the Church popular by rendering it servile to half-baked modern styles in philosophy and science. Here are no leaders. The religious energy of Protestantism and of Judaism has long since leaked from the old vessels: it will be found, pitifully disembodied, in the laboratories and the arts.

But the realm of ideas is not without contestants for leadership. We may reach some rough estimate of the general state by considering two men: Irving Babbitt and John Dewey. Professor Babbitt's tetralogy, "The New Laokoön," "The Masters of Modern French Criticism," "Rousseau and Romanticism," "Democracy and Leadership," mark him as the man who with most ambition has challenged our cultural problem. His work has much to commend it for influence on young America. He criticizes blind democracy, revealing the inadequate thought that underlies its tenets; he stresses the need of an aristocracy of mind and morals; he makes clear that such leadership ensues from discipline within the man according to some measure which, although human, transcends him; he is outraged by our impressionistic criticism, by our lack of standards, by our search for values in false places, by the blight of romantic self-indulgence in our politics and arts. He is alive to the splendors of certain historical traditions, and attempts to consider the mastery of Christ and Buddha, of Confucius and Socrates, in the light of their application to our present chaos. All of this, it would seem, should make him central to what is cleansing and constructive in our intellectual movements. And yet, the contrary is true. He is out of touch with what is pregnant and vital in our country; he is ignored or attacked by the men[1] who most agree with a good measure of what he says and who are intent upon the conversion from chaos to order which he desires. Something is in Professor Babbitt which disqualifies him from leadership, which makes ineffectual his judgments and vitiates his values. The clue is in the nature of his attack —central to his exposition—on Rousseau and the Romantic. Professor Babbitt finds Romanticism eccentric, expansive, self-indulgent, destructive of human and formal and religious experience. Every specific count he brings can be shown to be correct; yet his inquiry is invalid since he fails to understand or even to consider the causes under the symptoms he decries. Romanticism was an effect and an expression. If eccentric, it was because the centrality of Western culture was dissolving; if expansive, it was because the human spirit, dispossessed from its Catholic Body, needed to explore new realms, within and without, for the creating of a new Whole to replace the old one; if egolatrous, it was because the old "self," rooted in the Christian synthesis of Europe, was released and thrown back upon its primitive conditions. Mr. Babbitt quotes as "perhaps the most romantic line in English" Shakespeare's

> A wild dedication of yourself
> To unpath'd waters, undreamed shores.

What rigidity within him kept him from seeing that if mankind, captained by such men as Rousseau and Kant, went on this profound exploratory venture into far countries of the mind and of the earth, the reason must be something deeper than a dissatisfaction with seventeenth-century Decorum; must be, indeed, some shattering dislocation—some death and birth of spirit. Failure to note that the chaos, the rationalizations of the chaos, the setting up of new territories and new values were forced on man by the dissolution of the world which in organic form had held him since the Greeks; and that this decay with consequent rebirth is the fatality of life's renewal, renders ineffectual and absurd the erudite,

[1] An exception is Gorham B. Munson, who devotes a very fair chapter to Professor Babbitt in his recent volume, "Destinations."

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well wishing volumes of Professor Babbitt. Of course, the world once more is chaos. Of course, Romanticism played its part in this ultimate atomization of mankind and in the discovery of new elements to build with. But to emerge from this chaos, we must first accept it. For it contains all that we possess for the creating of an organic order. To reject it is to make birth impossible. Professor Babbitt has values. Actually, he has nothing, since he rejects our chaos and his refusal sterilizes understanding.

The inwardness of this attitude is explicit in two influential writers who, although unconsciously, are disciples of Professor Babbitt. His traditionalism, his nostalgia for a state in which past decorum and past measures may again prevail, his utter inability to cope with our chaotic world in order to *create* it and his consequent frantic effort to turn back from chaos to a traditional Form whose dissolution was compelled by the forms of modern thought—provide mood, and some doctrine to T. S. Eliot. The nostalgic plaint against Romanticism of Professor Babbitt begets this romantic. But there is another side to the Professor: the hurler of epithets, the brash objurgator of mobs and of their follies. If this man adores Socrates, Jesus, Buddha, he has won from them no grace and no sweetness; but chiefly an invidious contrast to the despised America of Henry Ford. This vituperative side of Mr. Babbitt comes to its logical extreme in Mr. Mencken. When Mr. Mencken calls us names, it is true he quotes Nietzsche rather than Plato; he drinks not Falernian wine but *Lager Bier*. Yet he is a mood, poeticized, of Professor Babbitt. Both Mr. Mencken and Mr. Eliot are romantic poets. Alongside the prophetic giants of the Romantic era—Beethoven, Blake, Cézanne, Whitman—were the weak-brothers whose heaven was no projection of titanic hunger, but a wistful return to some delusive past. With them belong these two "leaders." If their work denotes any true grappling with reality, any re-creation or transfiguration, I have missed it. They personify the fate, in a bewildering world, of the learned gentleman at Harvard who thinks that he can exorcise our devils by naming their symptoms and by invoking Aristotle and Confucius in a society that has lost every form, psychological, social, religious, which produced them.

Professor Babbitt is at war with the flux of our world, and this is good. But this flux is the decay of the Mediterranean Whole that held from Aristotle to Aquinas. Professor Babbitt craves the surety, the immobility of Wholeness; and this is good. But wholeness is an achievement from *within* the chaos, the realization of the life *of* chaos. Professor Babbitt would cure our chaos, not by grasp and integration; but by a negative check on the forces quick within it and by harking back to a form of wholeness whose materials decomposed because they no longer could withstand these forces. Recreation means the entering of some fresh germinal element into matter made inchoate by previous death. Romanticism was the search for this fresh force. The democratic movements which revived the masses, and the discoveries of science and of navigation, were kindred quests. They, too, were romantic. Romanticism *is* exploration. We shall get beyond it only by accepting what it has brought and made us.

WALDO FRANK.

(The conclusion of "Our Leaders," dealing with John Dewey and Alfred Stieglitz, will appear in our issue of June 20.)

Washington Notes

IN Washington, it is always possible to get two different points of view on any public question—and not infrequently, both bad. For example, take the Coolidge veto of the McNary-Haugen Bill. One set of seers assert sapiently that the political effect is to rivet the Herbert nomination, to remove the last remaining doubt. The argument—and it must be conceded to be a logical one—is that the extraordinary savagery of Mr. Coolidge's denunciation of the whole McNary-Haugen idea eliminates from serious consideration as the party's presidential nominee any McNary-Haugen aspirant. That leaves Herbert alone in the field, not merely the one anti-McNary-Haugen candidate, but the only one who can possibly be supported by either Mr. Coolidge or Mr. Mellon. Control of the convention by the administration forces being conceded, the inevitability of the Herbert nomination follows.

The other view is that, far from strengthening the Hoover stock, the veto is a serious setback for him. It was so violently denunciatory, so out of keeping with the character and habits of speech of Mr. Coolidge, so full of venom and vindictiveness toward the project to which the farm-relief champions are committed, that it cannot, it is contended, fail to deepen the resentment in the great Corn Belt states toward the administration and the administration's candidate—to wit, Hoover. The veto has, it is held, so enraged the agricultural West that the Republican party, while it may not nominate either of the agricultural West's handsome heroes—Lowden and Dawes—will never dare to force Herbert down the dry and inflamed throat of the Corn Belt.

So the arguments have run since the publication of the veto. Anti-Hoover statesmen in the cloak rooms tore their hair, beat their breasts and begged everybody to "just wait until we get to Kansas City and you'll find out what this means." On the other side, the Hoover managers convincingly figured that this veto ties Coolidge and Mellon, the Cyrus Curtis publications, the New York Herald Tribune, and most of the Eastern banks far more tightly to Herbert than they were tied before. It insures Pennsylvania and New York for him, it is held, on the first ballot. It further insures pro-Hoover action in all the eighty-odd delegate contests to be decided by the National Committee in Kansas City a few days before the convention meets. If it insures all that, of course it insures

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Herbert's selection with a joyful whoop and also insures the grinding of the faces of his enemies in the gravel.

But when you get away from the moaning and groaning of the ravished agriculturists on the one hand and the cackling and crowing of the nervous Hooverites on the other, a clear view of the situation seems to show that the veto did not change matters basically at all. The people, politicians and financiers who were against Herbert before are still against him; those who were for him are still for him. He has neither gained nor lost. Why should he? It was well and fully known that he, Mr. Mellon and Mr. Coolidge were all against the McNary-Haugen Bill, and that the veto was inevitable. The fact that it was strongly instead of weakly worded means nothing politically. It is interesting to speculate upon who did the actual writing of the message, because the style is certainly not the Coolidge style, but the sentiments are the Coolidge sentiments, previously expressed by him in his first veto a year ago and long known by everybody to be entertained by Hoover and Mellon, from whom he had first absorbed them. Of course the affair did furnish a splendid opportunity for the more faithful journalistic supporters of Mr. Coolidge to renew the daily butter baths, which had been more or less intermittent for some time, and it brought a shower of greasy compliments from various Mayflower and White House propagandists and publicity agents.

There has been, it is true, a sharp revival of the "draft Coolidge" talk, but that also was to be expected. I have long cherished a conviction that being a big banker does not involve having brains, and when one of this class leaves his chosen field, either conversationally or actually, he can—and generally does—exhibit a surprising degree of stupidity. Added evidence of this was furnished during the week by the appearance in Washington of one of the most famous of our financial leaders, who in his moments of relaxation privately informed various more or less awed groups that he had had a talk with Mr. Coolidge himself and knew that if nominated he would accept. Further, he knew he would be nominated. It was, he said, all fixed. Even if that were true, it would be stupid to talk about it.

The very fact that it is talked about is the best proof it is not true. It ought to be clear that even a suspicion that Mr. Coolidge had secretly agreed, under urging from Wall Street, to try for a third term, would be fatal. Yet such talk has not only been more or less open, but the report has been rather widely printed that, recognizing their distaste for Herbert, Mr. Coolidge had quietly given friends in Wall Street assurance that at the right time and in the right way he would step in and take the nomination. Of course it is all bosh. He isn't very smart, but he is a whole lot smarter than his financial friends who think that sort of thing could be done in this country with even a reasonable degree of political safety. The idea is, however, typical of the big banking mind when it focuses on politics or public questions. All considerations of honor and veracity, of character and square dealing, are passed over as though they did not exist. It is typical of the sort of thing that makes it possible for the Hayses and the Stewarts to lie under oath and still retain their memberships in what are supposed to be gentlemen's clubs, and their standing in what is supposed to be respectable society.

Aside from the office-holders, who are naturally averse to any change, and the politicians who have made bad guesses or who conceal some personal reason, the people who still believe that Coolidge will be nominated at Kansas City are divided into two classes. One is the type just described—bankers or business men. The other is those who never have thought Mr. Coolidge was anything more than a cunning little Massachusetts machine politician, who concede him to be personally chaste, but credit him with no inherent political principles not based on expediency. While I have no high opinion of the man, there has never in my judgment been any real possibility of it. If there were no other reason, it would be altogether too dangerous—dangerous not only for Mr. Coolidge, but for Mr. Coolidge's party.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Sir Edmund Gosse

IN THOSE lengths and brevities of art and life, there is plenty of time to write about men's works and what merited fame they shall leave after them. When men have just died, what seems best said is about themselves and the fragment of their memory that anyone can offer. I want to set down now what must have been a very small section of so long and multiplied an experience as that of Sir Edmund Gosse. It may serve to record something of him that is at least direct and undeniable, and in a small sense worth conveying. This is more worth recording because—though I knew nothing of it at the time I first met Mr. Gosse, as he was then—he had his enemies with a vengeance, due partly no doubt to his impulsive ways, to his prejudice and arbitrary turns of thought, and to his share in our good sound natural human hates and antagonisms—may they live long and prosper! I found long ago that by giving an ear to diverse people's accounts of Edmund Gosse, it would have been easy to get an impression of tartness and even less admirable traits. I know little of all that, and want merely to put down the side of him I saw, though I may risk sounding like a debutante with her string of little triumphs as I do so.

This will be a record of kindness such as cannot be common, of an old grace and style almost gone out of the world, and of a warmth of feeling that I can feel yet, so charming, gentle, and impish and penetrating. I suppose he observed how I was taking it. I entered into it all simply and half-consciously, taking it as a natural turn of life; for I was country Southern, and had been brought up to take people as kind and friendly, and their generous demonstrations—however high up they might be said to be in the world—as natural to them and giving them quite as much pleasure as they gave me.

I went to London, then, out of a clear sky for me, since I knew little about it or what I wanted there; and out of what must have been the complete empyrean for London, into whose air for one short month I dropped like

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any wandering swallow. It was in 1911. I had a letter to Mr. Gosse from Madison Cawein, that rich talent whose days in Kentucky came a little too soon to profit by the ballyhoo about poetry a few years later, a letter to Mr. Gosse and one to A. C. Benson. The letters were unasked, and I can remember no great ardor over meeting anybody, traveling was enough. In due time I sent them off. Mr. Benson replied vaguely; I got the impression that some day fortune might bring us together—later on, however, I did go, when Mr. Benson wrote that he had seen Mr. Gosse, who, I now got an impression, had conveyed to him the idea that he might find me possible. Mr. Gosse was more venturesome. He had written me that his brother-in-law, Sir Alma Tadema, had just died, but that he would write me again in a fortnight. He wrote, asking me to call to see him at the House of Lords, where he was librarian. I went.

I remember being handed in, past ropes and tourists, by attendants and officials and coming into the presence of a rather small man, with clear features and a wonderful fairness about the skin and hair and eyes. He spoke quickly, little streams of patter, with a kind of eagerness, and little spurts of self-assertion that came from shyness and a high-strung organism. I must have stayed an outrageous while, and I remember that I thought quite simply, country style, that he was a sweet man, like my father or some cousin. I made, evidently, a happy response on one of his favorite little matters for pride—I learned later from his "Father and Son" what a talent for geography he boasted—his exact knowledge of all my little home villages, rivers and states brought me to wonder and compliments, which in turn brought on more American geography from him. At any rate, there was a dinner soon afterward, one Sunday, with Sir Alfred East, the painter, and two or three other people who were Americans or knew America, and I learned from Mrs. Gosse somewhat more about the library call. She was so glad, Mrs. Gosse said, that Edmund liked me. He asked people first to the library instead of to his house, to see what they would be like; and she quite dreaded his state after seeing them. There was one young man with a letter—really Edmund came home in a rage, it was difficult. Long afterward an Englishman with a famous family name told me how one day at luncheon at some club he was introduced to Mr. Gosse, who gave him a nod and one look and turned his back for the rest of the meal.

The little friendly, kind things had already begun. I asked about Sturge Moore, whom I had met the night before at Rothenstein's, the painter's, when Yeats was reading Tagore's poems from manuscripts and Tagore sat by—it must have amused Mr. Gosse to learn that this was the first of these high and mighty literary parties I had ever seen, but he let that pass. Next morning on the breakfast table there was a book, inscribed—with what sly malice, I wonder now, for he thought not too much of American colleges—to Professor Stark Young. It was "A Sicilian Idyll and Judith," poems by T. Sturge Moore, with a note saying that this would be "a sample of his production." Two years later I was in London again, for a few weeks, and there were other little gifts, a photograph of the Sargent portrait, a collection of Robert Bridges' poems, and then a grand party, with the drawing-rooms full of people, at which Mr. Gosse kept stealing up to me and whispering in my ear about the guests I saw and might meet—"That's the lady, Stark Young, that Bernard Shaw was in love with"; "This man coming is Mr. Laurence Binyon, an admirable poet, they say, I fear I haven't read him, but still——"; "You see Maurice Hewlett, whose works you like so much." "No, only the earlier works," I insisted. "Well, then, the earlier works, you say they remind you of pale green verdure tapestries, tell him that too—authors like that, you know." And so on, as if I were the cousin from the provinces, and he a kind Puck. And then, after the party, a great search for the address of a certain doctor in London, whom I was to consult for an ailment impending.

The next time I was in London was a year after the Armistice. The Gosses were in the country. At the very last of my stay they returned, with specialties of Devonshire or wherever it was they had been, delicious berries and things, and daffodils for the table. After dinner I sat a long time with him, speaking more seriously than we had done before. He showed me the album that accompanied the subscription bust in his honor—it was to be for his seventieth birthday, perhaps—a book full of great names and sounding titles, which he exhibited with great pride, but honestly—and who is not a snob one way or another?

He talked about America, not without prejudice, and with some of the traditional ironic humor that seemed a trifle out of date; and of America in the War; he had been on a committee for propaganda, he said, and the Americans had swallowed the propaganda hook beyond one's wildest hopes. He spoke of Henry James' enthusiasm, how once he and, I think he said, Mr. Balfour, had seen Henry James coming toward them with extended hands—"Whatever happens," Henry James had said, "remember I'm doubly as English as you are," which Mr. Gosse thought poorly of, nobody wanted Mr. James to be doubly English. He gave an account of a visit to his library of the wife of an American poet he knew by correspondence, she had been an "ebullient person, too terrible." He gave a wicked account of a great English statesman's story of how he tried to escape being honored by a certain American university, whose president pursued him to his very room in the hotel and pinned a degree on him; which I promised never to tell. He talked about Masefield's narrative gift, and the first burst of him on the horizon, and the Polignac prize, in the award of which he had had a share. Then there was a good deal about the poetry of Verlaine, whom he had seen once do the cruellest thing in the world. A silly woman, chattering her adoration in French, had asked for something that might be a memento of the meeting. Verlaine, reaching in his breast-pocket, began to take out various rags and bread crumbs and what not, till he came to a soiled little French dictionary, which he gave her. Afterward the subject was Portugal and Camoëns, its national poet, and the mountains with the lemon color of which he wrote.

These are all impressions, warm and careless, of a young man, with their own kind of importance, which Edmund Gosse, at least, would not have been blind to.

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Of his letters I want to quote one that shows best his state of mind at the last, and shows the friendly candor, and the pains he took, out of his frail energy and busy days, to speak in details that would prove his interest—we see, too, the style that was a habit with him in any of those letters, or in even the shortest notes, written always in his beautiful even script on glazed paper that let the pen slip easily along.

The letter acknowledges the receipt of my book, "Glamour," papers dealing with the art of the theater. The date is June, 1925, when he was seventy-six.

"Dear Stark Young,

"It has given me quite an emotion to receive a personal greeting from you after so many years of silence—a book and a kind inscription. I have never forgotten you in the least, and I have followed you in some measure, reading of your movements and achievements, but I did not suppose that you remembered me after so many years, which must have had far more incidents in them for you than for me. I sit here, as I sat then, when you came to me from Texas, and I suppose that you have been wandering greatly, an American Ulysses, with many adventures. I have grown very old—that is all that I have done, outwardly.

"I have read your book about the glamour of the theater with close attention. It is beautifully written and earnestly felt, it teaches me much. I very rarely go to the theater, for my hearing is defective, and I cannot catch what the mimes are saying, and my eyesight is dim, and I cannot see what they do. But I revive when I read what you say about my old admirations; I re-see Sarah in Racine and Duse in D'Annunzio. Your study of Duse is admirable, you felt her art very delicately and poignantly. Among your essays I have my favorites—'Garrick to Barrymore,' and the fine irony of 'Beauval at the Ritz,' and (best of all) 'Sophocles' Guest.' These, but especially the last, suggest to me a thousand thoughts about the old world that is fading and the new world, which I am soon to leave behind with some regretful curiosity, but with some baffled satisfaction.

"I should very much like to know where you are and what you are doing. I suppose you will not come over again to London before I go. I had an invitation to go to America last year, but my wander-years are over. My wife joins me in thanking you for the kind thought which prompted you to send us your distinguished, earnest book, and I am as ever,

"Your sincere old Friend,

"Edmund Gosse."

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

War Debts and Wartime Purchases

SIR: As one who has made a contribution of more bulk than importance to the wretched literature of war debts, I am very grateful to you for having stated the whole American case in less than 2,000 words ("An American View of the War Debts," issue of May 23), so clearly that even I can understand it. I only wish you had put a little more emphasis where you asked the questions: "Did not the United States pay over four billions in cash for what she bought in France and Great Britain for her army? Then why is there any lack of moral obligation on Great Britain, France and Italy to pay for the supplies and munitions they bought in the United States?"

Here really is the core of the matter. Until we entered the War, inter-Ally finance was governed by the principle that credit should be provided where it was needed in a reciprocal manner. That is to say, Great Britain undertook to lend France pounds sterling to cover French purchases in England, France undertook to lend Great Britain francs to cover British purchases in France, and so on; which was a very intelligent arrangement, since, when it was all over, loans would cancel one another to any power, leaving only the difference to be settled. When the United States entered the War the American government subscribed to that principle. It undertook to lend the Allies all the dollars they needed to meet their purchases in this country; and did so. But the Allies, who invented the principle, did not extend it to the American government. Great Britain did not lend us pounds sterling to meet our purchases in England. We had to buy pounds sterling for cash—with dollars. France did not lend us francs to meet our purchases in France. We had to buy francs for cash—with dollars. The Allies bought in this country on credit; we bought in their countries for cash. Great Britain and France bought American wheat on credit, that is, with dollars borrowed at the United States Treasury. We paid cash for bread in England and France. That is why, when it was over, we owed no debts to be forgiven; we had only debtors clamoring to be forgiven.

They now say it was a common cause; food and war munitions ought not to be charged for any more than men were; therefore, we are expected to forgive them their debts, which means to uncharge them for the dollars they borrowed to buy food and munitions here. Very well. But they do not propose to uncharge the American government for the four billion dollars' worth of pounds sterling and francs it bought for cash to pay the way of the American expeditionary forces in Great Britain and France. They have that money. The only way they could uncharge us would be to refund it with interest. The United States Treasury, no doubt, would be very glad to accept such refund in lieu of all the war debt settlements it has made.

And how curious—if we were to wipe out all the war debt owing to us by Great Britain and France, on the ground that it was a common cause and nothing should be charged for, and demand merely the return, with interest, of the cash we spent in those countries for things we shouldn't have been charged for in that same common cause, they would be about where they stand under the debt settlements they complain of.

I care nothing about the war debts as money. I doubt if many Americans do. But it is impossible to accept the moral case for debt cancellation. It is utterly fictitious. This is so because the debtors cannot say what they really mean. They mean that, for having been neutral during two and a half years, we should now be obliged to contribute to the total cost of the War a penitential share.

Tuckahoe, N. Y. GARET GARRETT.

Jim's Friends in Indiana

SIR: They all know arithmetic about equally well, whether they choose to send in their election reports within a few hours or to hold them for several days. The counting is all done within six or eight hours of closing the polls. A few years ago, public opinion in Ohio discovered that there is something at once sinister and preposterous in delayed returns, and now everything is over by sunset of the day after election. Indiana would do well to decide that everyone must know the whole story promptly.

The reports of the Watson-Hoover battle in Indiana came in five batches. The first showed Hoover in the lead by 18,000; the second reports, some hours later, showed the two men running

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even; the third batch brought Watson enough to give him a margin; the fourth placed him in the lead by 24,000; and the fifth left him there. The period covered was almost three days. Scored upon a graph, the line talked unmistakably. The county-courthouse politicians had saved Jim. All Indiana has telephones.

Said the ponderous mayor of a considerable city not far from the boyhood home of Indiana's favorite son:

"I sure was busy for days and days before election seeing the boys and phoning around. We had at least two watchers for Jim at every precinct, city and county. The women, the Democrats, the progressives, the radicals, turned out, and Hoover won here. We had done our best."

Three thousand six hundred and ten precincts; and an average of three watchers per precinct; ten thousand men out to save Jim Watson. They got for him 227,000 votes as against 203,000 for Hoover, who had at many precincts no watchers at all.

If Indiana goes Republican even though the nation goes Democratic, the politicians will remain secure. They have saved the Honorable James E. Watson and themselves.

Norwood, O. WILLIAM E. CHANCELLOR.

A Prohibition Plank for Al Smith

SIR: Your Washington correspondent tells us that Governor Smith is trying to find a way out of his predicament as a wet, and is asking help from leading Republicans. Maybe he will take some from a Socialist. Here is the only "formula" that will give him any chance at the presidency: "Fellow Americans: I have emerged from New York State, and realized that the rest of America is overwhelmingly for prohibition and enforcement. I realize that they will never consent to think of modification, until enforcement has had a full and fair trial, which it will never get under the Republican regime of graft for the big grafters. I bow to this will of the people. I promise to give the law real and full enforcement, in New York as everywhere else, and I set aside all idea of modification during the next four years.

"ALFRED E. SMITH."

Long Beach, Cal. *Per* UPTON SINCLAIR.

Deceived by a Client

SIR: Your Washington letter in the issue of May 9, with reference to Lawyer Littleton and Senator Walsh's suggestion to him as to a course to pursue in view of the facts developed in relation to the Sinclair case, interested me particularly, in view of a happening here some thirty-five years ago.

At that time a Kentucky mountain county lawyer, Daniel Boone Logan, a man known for his physical and moral courage, was trying, in the U. S. District Court in Louisville, a mountain land case for a foreign client, who was present. The title to a large body of land was involved.

In the course of the proceedings, uncontroverted testimony was brought out which indicated that the lawyer had been misled, and misinformed by his client, in regard to certain facts; as a result of which, the lawyer arose in Court and said, in effect, "If your Honor please, my client has lied to me, and I now withdraw from the case." Incidentally, the fee involved was by far the largest that Mr. Logan had ever had in sight up to that time.

Louisville, Ky. ALFRED BRANDEIS.

Science through KFRC

SIR: Those of your readers who are radio-owners and live within the compass of Pacific Coast stations may be interested to know that every other Thursday, at 4 P. M., Maynard Shipley, president of the Science League of America, is broadcasting a half-hour talk on evolution through KFRC. This liberal radio station allows full and free discussion of this "controversial" subject, and these talks serve as an educational corrective to the mass of obscurantism with which so many other stations are filling the air.

San Francisco, Cal. SCIENCE LEAGUE OF AMERICA, INC.

A Pulitizer Prize for Movies

SIR: Why isn't there a Pulitzer Prize for films? Surely the art of motion pictures is as serious a one as that of the novel or the drama, and is a far more modern American contribution to the arts. After seeing "The Crowd" for the second time, I am convinced that such a work has far more *value* than either "Strange Interlude" or "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." This does not mean that it is superior as an esthetic work of art to either of these works. But, at least, it is a genuine American product, which the above works are decidedly not. "The Crowd" was produced by a native-born American, King Vidor. The two principal players are obviously honest-to-God Americans, while the background is not some stupid exotic set, but real, authentic 1928 United States. Its sentiment and its moral value are of the right level to appeal in an "ennobling" form to the greatest number of American citizens, and surely this is the highest aim of democratic art, as distinguished from what Upton Sinclair would call "leisure-class art"? It does not insult the intelligent person (for whom it has informative rather than spiritual value), but drags up from his unconscious state the submerged member of this democratic race. "The Crowd" is, I should imagine, the first film in the United States to deal seriously with part of the population of this country in an artistic, decent, and intelligent manner. It may not be great art, but it is good art. Were I an American I should be as proud of King Vidor as of Eugene O'Neill or Thornton Wilder.

P. BEAUMONT WADSWORTH.

New York City.

Private Schools and Progress

SIR: One must regret that Robert Littell's appreciative and (in the main) just account of the Exposition for Parents in the Grand Central Palace is marred by a few misunderstandings. In the second paragraph these begin with a reference to the "stern old days of Latin, Greek and college-board exams." These "stern old days" persist. Mr. Littell would find that the high-school sections of practically all the schools that he praises are still bound to this wheel; that the college-board examinations and the insistence upon Latin for college entrance have perpetuated the old drab conditions.

Mr. Littell's chief error lies, however, in an undercurrent of disapproval of the public schools and of excessive cordiality towards the private schools. In New York City, where the regimentation of public education and the unwieldy system which too large an administrative unit makes necessary have prevented the public schools from progressing as they should, this attitude may be understandable. Outside of the five boroughs, however, it is the public schools, not the private ones, that lead the way. I could show him a dozen communities within ten miles of New York in which the public schools are surpassing most of the educational improvements which he so calmly ascribes to the private schools alone.

In actual fact, barring a relatively small number of endowed "private" schools, the non-public schools are distinctly lagging behind in the procession. By and large, the private schools are profit-making commercial enterprises, far more tied down by the necessity of pleasing their clients than the public schools are by any real or supposed political influences.

Mr. Littell's slap at what he terms the "pretentious and fussy formality which seems inseparable from progressive education" shows a failure to understand the habits and needs of school people. It has required just this detailed working-out of purposes and methods which he despises to make possible the joyful and genuinely educative activities which he so praises. Detailed statements of purposes, objectives, and the like help to prevent a relapse into the older, more formal and less adequate schooling—and equally to prevent a degeneration of education into aimless play. Mr. Littell is evidently not acquainted with the many barriers which school people have erected to prevent this curriculum-making from affecting the children adversely.

Verona, N. J. STEPHEN G. RICH.

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The Peasants of New York

Tammany Hall, by M. R. Werner. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 586 pages. $5.

The Gangs of New York, by Herbert Asbury. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 382 pages. $4.

THERE is, in New York, a large and politically powerful class which might be described as that of the urban peasants. Citizens and voters, they are, nevertheless, the victims of inherited poverty and the subjects of exploitation by their overlords. Americans, they follow traditions which are those of neither Washington nor Ford; they speak in peculiar dialects and adhere to their own peculiar code of morals. One might even say that they are attached, like serfs, to their own villages, which they call Manhattanville, Harlem, the Gas House, Hell's Kitchen, or Mulberry Bend. There, in the shadow of the skyscrapers, they live three and four in a room, without steam heat, electricity and bath. They gather on winter evenings round the kitchen stove, or in summer on the fire escapes, and repeat their folk tales in harsh voices, to drown the roar of the Elevated.

This urban peasantry—and the term is used without any disrespect—has governed the city for nearly a century without thereby improving its own position. On one occasion during the Civil War, it seized Manhattan and held it for several days against the armed forces of the United States government. The draft rioters, who had much to justify their rebellion, accomplished nothing for want of intelligent leadership. And yet the same class, at other times, has produced leaders of a vigorous type: Honest John Kelly, Richard Croker, Monk Eastman, Big Tim Sullivan, Big Bill Devery, Clubber Williams, Owney the Killer, Charles Francis Murphy, and, in the sphere of respectable politics, Mayor Gaynor, Senator Wagner, and Governor Alfred E. Smith.

The urban peasantry, in the course of its struggles, has developed two efficient instruments of power. One is the gangs of the street; the other is the regular Democratic organization. Mr. Herbert Asbury describes the first of these instruments in "The Gangs of New York," and Mr. M. R. Werner the second in his "Tammany Hall."

The former volume, as the author remarks, "is not a sociological treatise, and makes no pretence of offering solutions for the social, economic and criminological problems presented by the gangs." As a matter of fact, it does not even discuss these problems; it merely tells the story of the more spectacular gangsters, with a quantity of picturesque detail which is its sole and sufficient reason for existence. Mr. Werner also gives picturesque details, but his work is more ambitious; and, if he offers no solution for the problem of Tammany Hall, he at least describes it—fully, painstakingly, and in a rather barren style.

In preparing to write such a volume, he might have followed several courses. He might have lived in a tenement, helped to elect the straight Democratic ticket, and applied for a city job. Or again, he might have tried breaking the law, running a speakeasy, paying tribute, getting arrested, meeting a fixer. . . . These are the methods of an investigator gathering data about a living institution. Mr. Werner is a biographer and a research student. He has applied, to Tammany Hall, the methods he developed in writing about P. T. Barnum and Brigham Young. He has read the records, examined the files of newspapers, collated testimony. He has, in other words, written about Tammany Hall as if it were something dead, impersonal, and partly forgotten.

His report is complete and completely damning. It refers to the early scandal of the Forty Thieves; it describes the picaresque career of Mayor Fernando Wood; it discusses Boss Tweed and his Ring, Boss Croker's lieutenants and their gambling houses, Boss Murphy and his quarrel with Governor Sulzer. In passing, it mentions a number of almost incredible facts. The Tweed Ring, for example, in less than three years, is said to have stolen $75,000,000 from the city. Out of their profits they offered a bribe of $5,000,000 to the editor of the New York Times. Later, in the time of Croker, an itemized tribute of $3,095,000 was collected each year from the gambling houses. Police captaincies were regularly sold for $12,000, although $15,000 was a not unusual price. Police detectives not only took bribes from houses of prostitution, but arrested girls who attempted to leave them. By 1912, at the time of the Rosenthal murder, a prostitution trust was said to be flourishing. "Everywheres you see Maas' beer wagon you may know they belong to the trust," a witness told the Curran Committee. "Maas sells his beer, his cousin is the physician, and he collects the money. Is that white slavery? Is that a trust?"

The prostitution trust has disappeared, but Mr. Werner implies that Tammany graft has merely changed its sources. He pictures a long line of political manipulators, beginning with Aaron Burr, extended by Fernando Wood, Tweed, Kelly, Croker, and coming to no end with the death of Charles Francis Murphy. He implies, moreover, that a present Senator and a present Governor served as the agents of this corrupt system. After telling the disgraceful story of the Sulzer impeachment; after explaining how it was forced through the legislature by the efforts of a Democratic speaker and a floor leader in the Senate, he adds significantly:

"The speaker of the New York State Assembly at this time was Alfred E. Smith and the leader of the Democratic majority in the Senate was Robert F. Wagner."

It would be difficult to say whether this book will affect the decision of the convention in Houston, or whether it will affect the presidential election if Governor Smith is nominated. It is certain, however, that although Mr. Werner is fairly impartial as a historian, his method in itself is unjust to Tammany Hall. It is meant for a biography of the dead, and does not fully apply to a living organization. It neither allows for the possibility of change, nor gives fair emphasis to the immediate and sometimes ephemeral benefits which Tammany confers in exchange for the right of imposing distant and abstract wrongs.

Consider the standpoint of the voter. He knows, perhaps, that it is better in the abstract for a city to build cheaply, to have capable officials, and to rid itself of criminals. However, in concrete cases, he agrees with the politician that it is better to give Terry a fat contract, to find a city job for Angelo, and to see that Jimmie isn't sent to jail. Abstractly he admits that it might be better to repudiate Tammany. Concretely he is faced by a more difficult choice, and one which might cause a wiser man to hesitate. He must choose, that is, between inefficient and frequently dishonest government by his own people, and, on the other hand, a relatively efficient administration by men he regards as foreigners.

Not always has his decision been the same. Of the seven mayors between 1895 and 1925, three were elected on a reform ticket. In no case were they reëlected. And,

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as result of their administrations, the word reform has acquired a peculiar meaning in New York. It has become a synonym for repression, for the enforcement of alien standards. Under the rule of reformers, Manhattan was like a beleaguered island. Their defeats were celebrated like the raising of a siege.

When, after two years of repressive legality, Mayor Strong was defeated by the Tammany candidate in 1897, the crowds went mafficking through the streets, bearing in triumph the image of the Tiger. They sang, "There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight." To the same tune, more drunkenly, they chanted, "Well, well, well, Reform has gone to Hell!" The foreign invader had gone to Hell; his foreign regulations had gone to Hell; the golden days of their own customs were returning. And so they marched and joyfully drank till dawn, these insular patriots and peasants of Manhattan, these embattled citizens whose fathers had died in the Draft Riots, whose grandfathers had lined the barricades with the Dead Rabbits or the Bowery Boys, and whose children, perhaps, will carry the next election for Tammany Hall.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

Lincoln? Lee?[1]

Lincoln or Lee, by William E. Dodd. New York: The Century Company. 177 pages. $2.

THIS small, provocative book is less a parallel study of Lincoln and Lee than a closely packed, dramatic narrative of the trials of spirit that beset the Northern President from his first inauguration to his death. The emphasis, at the outset, falls upon a new and too long neglected aspect of Lincoln's career. He comes out of the narrative a hero, but he does not enter it in that role. This is a heresy. But Professor Dodd introduces it, as all heresies are most effectively introduced, quietly and as if it were nothing new. Lincoln comes to Washington a well meaning, kindly, bewildered, inexperienced doctrinaire; he does not foresee the tendency of his party, which is to crush under a plutocracy the simple democracy that he loves; he is ignorant of the people and their history; he is hesitant; and the trouble begins.

The first crisis, the Crittenden Compromise, came in December, 1860, before Lincoln reached the White House. No historian, to my mind, has offered a satisfying explanation of Lincoln's rejection of this measure: It would have given the North all its reasonable demands, provided for the inevitable decline of slavery, pacified the South, and averted the Civil War. It is true that the Compromise came up a little late; South Carolina had seceded before it could be argued out; but even if, in the tangle of events, it could not have been made effective, the reason of Lincoln's rejection is interesting. To it, as a focal point, the question of his personal integrity at this time must be directed. He brought on the Civil War, in the light of our present knowledge, mainly out of party loyalty, perhaps out of blindness to the consequences of such a loyalty. The platform of the Republican party would have collapsed had Crittenden succeeded: his Compromise must not go through. It is to be hoped that some new and extenuating fact may yet be found in the evidence. Professor Dodd, with fine detachment, touches the point, and passes on.

Into the brief compass of the narrative he marshals, in order and perspective, the miscellaneous and confusing mass of the whole Civil War. Lincoln's crisis of 1862, when the Confederate chances of winning were "two or three to one," followed by the return of Lee to Virginia and by the precarious Emancipation; the hairbreadth victory at Gettysburg, and the subsequent inactivity of Meade, the victor; Grant's tactical defeats of 1864, which were made up by Lee's blunder in letting him cross, unmolested, the lower James; the internal strife of the Copperheads and the Radical Republicans, both inimical to Lincoln; the harrowing interaction of politics and war, in which success in the field was necessary to his reëlection, and reëlection to success in the field—these great events and crises, the magnitude of which the world had not seen before or since the time of Napoleon, Professor Dodd keeps firmly in his grasp, and the perspective is clear. Always opposed to the will of Lincoln is the will of Lee, the aristocrat whose simple instincts and complex intelligence were curiously like those of his poor-white enemy. The portrait of Lee is greatly foreshortened, but the very simplification intensifies the drama of two great opponents. They seem to stand for the best in two opposed streams of American life up to their time, and when Professor Dodd asks, at the end, "Is it Lincoln or Lee the country honors most today, honors by imitating?" the answer is not hard. It is simple: Neither.

The portrait of Lee is the most intelligent I have seen: he seems to become even greater in the possession, for the first time, of a fault. He had a naïve, reticent pride in his military successes. Professor Dodd seems to follow Longstreet and other contemporaneous critics in his partial ascription to this weakness of the failure of the Gettysburg campaign. But if the South had won Gettysburg, Lee's "over-confidence" would never have had a name. It must be said that the battle was lost for three reasons, all of which were men: Stuart, Ewell, and Longstreet. Lee's over-confidence was largely concentrated upon his subordinates; he had got used to Jackson, of whom there was no second.

I beg to differ with Professor Dodd when he says that at Gettysburg the Confederates were "overwhelmed," and lost 33,000 men. The South lost, at a liberal estimate, 23,000, the Union 2,000 more than that. Meade won only in the sense that he was not defeated and that Lee lacked the reserve power to resume the campaign on Northern soil. (The Union won Gettysburg not quite so unequivocally as the South won Antietam.) Meade did not attack Lee until ten months later, after he was taking orders from Grant. The point at issue is that Gettysburg was not so decisively a Northern victory as to appear critical to contemporary eyes. Lee's resources were dwindling, but at the beginning of 1864 he was powerful as ever, and given the "breaks," he might yet have won.

In fact, it is Professor Dodd's sense of the fortuity of events in that penultimate year, in which the weight of a feather might have changed history, that informs his book with suspense and makes it one of the most moving historical narratives of recent years. The method is admirably suited to his purpose. The style is effective; though shorter sentences and fewer absolute constructions, which do not get on so well in English narration as in Greek, might have pushed events more swiftly. But

[1] The views expressed in this article are Mr. Tate's own and, in respect to the events of the Crittenden Compromise, do not represent the views of the editors.

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the impressionistic accumulation of detail builds up a sense of the whole, of a living reality. Only Professor Carl Becker, of American historians, writes so well.

ALLEN TATE.

Professorial Salaciousness

In the Beginning, by Norman Douglas. New York: The John Day Company. $2.50.

WE have waited ten years for a novel from Norman Douglas, and now that we have it, we would willingly have waited a little longer. Ungracious as it may seem to say so, "In the Beginning" has the unmistakable taste of an unripe—or it is an over-ripe?—book. And our disappointment does not make its sourness any sweeter.

When we begin the story, we are relieved to see that Mr. Douglas has not followed John Erskine and his fellow paradise-trippers, but has taken his own route—need it be added, an exceedingly anti-Biblical route—to the beginning of things. Not quite to the beginning, for we find man settled on the earth in considerable numbers, and are soon made aware that he is only the degenerate successor of other and pre-human civilizations. Linus, a boy just coming into manhood, who seems at first the hero of the story, lives with his grandmother in a little, half-savage village on the banks of a sluggish river—a mere clearing on the edge of the surrounding jungle. The villagers are a simple-minded, ignorant lot, who regard the gods as whimsical forces of nature, but Linus, whose actual father was the Earth-God himself, is destined to clearer sight of them and further knowledge of their ways. At the death of his grandmother, he is taken by the headman of the village to inquire his fortune of the oracle presided over by Nea-huni, one of the last of the race of horned Satyrs. These Satyrs, we are told, inhabited the earth before the creation of man, but a jealous God laid upon them the curse of infecundity, and they are now almost extinct. The oracle discloses the semi-divinity of Linus, and prophesies a great future for him. On his return to the village, Linus is waylaid by an amorous goddess, whom, because of his divine parentage, he succeeds in making pregnant, and she, when she discovers the unpleasant fact, returns in a fury and kills him. His celestial father, however, rescues his remains and brings him to life again in an even handsomer form; and Linus then sets out on his career to be king of the inhabitants of the earth and to make the barren wilderness blossom again as it did in the old days of the Satyrs. He is eventually successful, but in his dotage falls a prey to the dissipations of the civilization he has produced, and perishes miserably. The epilogue to the tale is spoken by the two last survivors of the Satyrs: a calm discussion of the foolish and destructive ways of gods and men; and the final speech in the book is a toast to their damnation.

We are thus left with the impression that it is the Satyrs, not mankind, who are the real heroes of this story, though they serve in its action as no more than the dwindling chorus of the comedy. They have almost lost interest in the outcome; but they cannot refrain from commenting. Here they are discussing a new disease, "good-and-evil," which has lately fastened upon the feather-brained human beings:

> "What have they done? They have invented two words. What do they think to have done? They think to have discovered two things. If they had the wit to see through their witless gods, they would know better than to tear the spirit away from that body which should be its guide and friend; they would soon realize that nothing is good for the one save what also benefits the other, and that nothing can be a bane to the one unless it harms the other at the same time. Is there anything easier to understand?" . . .

The Satyrs are the author's mouthpiece, and in the few passages dealing with them we recognize again the suave author of "South Wind." But, though we know that Mr. Douglas, a student of civilizations, is no great respecter of them, we have learned to expect a certain detached irony in his view; and it is, therefore, a disagreeable shock to hear, in this book, a shrill impatience too often overcoming his detachment. "All delights flew from earth, and mortals, for the most part, grew to be the fools and cowards they have since remained."

We know Mr. Douglas' paganism of old, and may have found it, on the whole, refreshing; though we may also have noted slight indications in it of a savagery faintly repulsive. In this book, such indications are more than slight. We are soon forced to realize that the bestialities and the cruelties—sometimes the two are one—of both gods and men are described by Mr. Douglas with more gusto than a philosophic detachment, or even an impersonal hatred, would warrant. The sexual debauches of his characters are dragged into the narrative so gratuitously and so often that they end by attracting our attention for their own sake, instead of merely contributing to a satirical picture. The description of Linus' city—indeed, the whole end of the book—peters out into a display of perversions. And the scene in which the angry goddess avenges herself on Linus is effective only because it is revolting—a bestially vivid picture of a bestial killing.

Mr. Douglas' growing taste for these delicatessen is a disquieting sign. It might possibly be called a scholarly interest. In college we used to call it "professorial salaciousness."

T. S. MATTHEWS.

The Soft Answer

A Son of Mother India Answers, by Dhan Gopal Mukerji. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 112 pages. $1.50.

WE would have expected a son of Mother India to reply to Miss Mayo, "How little you know!" Mr. Mukerji's answer is more legalistic. It isn't true, he says in effect, and if it is true, there are reasons you don't understand, and if the reasons are not convincing—anyhow, we are doing what we can to make things better. Perhaps, after years of lecturing and writing for Americans, he has lost his complete filial allegiance. The untruthfulness of Miss Mayo's book is obviously a matter of false emphasis and insufficient knowledge. She has the gift of indignation and should be encouraged to use it at home. It is a pity that we cannot shudder over such a document as she could produce about ourselves.

As for India, Mr. Mukerji brings forward unquestionable facts to show up some of Miss Mayo's exaggerations. He denies hotly, on behalf of Hindu manhood, the sins which can be safely imputed to anyone, since both proof and disproof are impossible. He does not attempt to explain the deep-rooted, complex, pseudo-religious beliefs which make reform difficult.

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If Miss Mayo is a special pleader for British domination, she can afford, incidentally, to exasperate the Hindus. But, as Mr. Mukerji suggests, if her avowal of love for the Indian peoples was not ironic, she should try again and go more cautiously. "Her book, to be effective, should appeal to the two races—the Hindu and the Anglo-Saxon." Then she could produce something which would "be read all over India, which will help the numerous Hindu social reformers in their arduous task of altering their society to square with the teachings of their scriptures."

LYMAN BRYSON.

Annie Besant

Annie Besant, by Geoffrey West. New York: Viking Press. 172 pages. $2.

AS IF attempting biography of a living person were not hazardous enough in itself, Mr. West has selected as his subject that human storm-center Dr. Annie Besant—successfully orthodox devotee, atheist, Fabian, feminist, political reformer and agitator, religious matriarch and spiritual arbiter to tens of thousands. Few individuals of either sex have been objects of more impassioned controversy, and the miracle of balance performed by Mr. West—an amazing equilibrium of dramatic interest and judicial detachment—justifies his temerity and makes this cursive and concise biography as absorbing as any fiction.

The facts of Annie Besant's life are far more varied and exciting than the plot of most modern novels. Conflict has been her natural element, from the youthful tragedy of her ignorant marriage with an ecclesiastical bigot to her triumphant old age—in which, by a sort of poetic justice, she has become to many the ultimate authority upon spiritual matters. Mystically inclined from early youth, it was not a far cry from the mystic's dependence upon the inner Voice to spiritual anarchy when the inevitable conflict with formalism occurred, and under Charles Bradlaugh's powerful influence the entire structure of organized religion was overthrown, and "positive" (since anything Annie Besant touched became positive) atheism took its place. A merely destructive program could satisfy no more than the elementary demands of rebellion, and young Mrs. Besant's energies were soon turned to vigorous social and political reforms. She was actively associated with every unpopular and progressive cause for fifteen years, inspired by no more formal philosophy than humanitarianism.

To the gentile public, this period, devoid of supernatural sanctions, is that of her greatest achievement—although she has never ceased, even with divergent spiritual concerns, to champion the downtrodden and oppressed. In her own country and then in the land of her adoption, India, she has been a dauntless crusader for justice and enlightenment, devoting all her tremendous energies to the righting of wrongs—the mystery of misfortune her daily problem. Even her indomitable enthusiasm must occasionally have faltered in the ceaseless course of reform that never did run smooth, and when—in her encounter with theosophical teachings—she came upon a dogmatic answer to the riddle of evil and a transference of hope to other worlds and higher lives, the intellectual center of gravity shifted; her philosophy fell into a formal and intricate order and her activities into an altered direction.

Even then her paths were not those of peace. The history of the Theosophical Society is a stormy one. But "A. B." "was ever a fighter, and so"—the elements' rage, the fiend voices that raved of scandal in high places, have dwindled and blended and changed and become first a peace out of pain—then the Light of a new Redemption; and she presents herself at eighty-odd as high priestess of a Secret Doctrine which reduces death to a mere change of garment and the remainder of life to a triumphal progress among her devotees. The champion of the infidel has become Commander of the Faithful, and, as her biographer says: "It is the exaggerated claims of her enthusiastic admirers which make some attempt to restore proportion occasionally essential." This he has accomplished with competence, scrupulousness and good humor, in a happy combination of searching analysis and unsparing appreciation. The value to the public of such an unbiased estimate is proportionate to the possibilities of misunderstanding—either for praise or disparagement—of a life that on any terms commands admiration for its consistent power in devotion to ideals—and Dr. Besant's most devout disciples, as well as unenlightened readers, should welcome so able an exposition.

D. B. WOOLSEY.

Thoreau Once More

The Heart of Thoreau's Journals. Edited by Odell Shepard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 348 pages. $3.

Henry Thoreau: The Cosmic Yankee, by J. Brooks Atkinson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 158 pages. $2.50.

THE tide of reacknowledgment to New England is still on the rise. Last year has seen it wash in fresh salvages from what had purported to be the wreckage of Emerson. Hawthorne's fortunes have been reëstablished. Longfellow has come into his own again, and now two volumes almost simultaneously appear on Thoreau. The estimates are not all unqualifiedly laudatory, but the very fact of their coming at all is significant in face of the finality with which the ultra-moderns were so lately dismissing the New Englanders from the literary scene.

Of the two volumes at hand, the more impressive is not ostensibly a reëstimate or a criticism, but an abridgment of the complete Thoreau journals, which are so voluminous as to intimidate all but the professed student. Yet the selection of a very small percent of all Thoreau involves a critical judgment quite as keen as that needed for analytical discussion. In performing this task, Professor Shepard has done a very satisfying piece of editorial work, and in the brief connecting passages with which he prefaces the successive years, he supplies interpretative suggestions which give not only unity, but distinct sequence to the volume as a whole.

The selections amount not merely to the random observations of a fertile mind, but to the log-book of an intellectual voyage. It is through the first half, running up to 1853 or 1854, that Thoreau's completest social negativism persists: "I can move away from public opinion" (1840). "I must not lose anything of my freedom" (1841). "If my curve is large, why bend it to a smaller circle?" (1851). "I love Nature, partly because she is not man, but a retreat from him" (1853).

But as time goes on, the author of the social-revolt element in "Walden" surrenders progressively to the poet-naturalist; and here again there is an evolving point of view. Throughout his experience in the open, Thoreau, the free spirit, speculative thinker, seems to have played a losing game against Thoreau, the meticulous observer. In 1852 he said, "I must walk not with free senses. It

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—Editorial New York World, Sunday, May 6, 1928

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is as bad to study stars and clouds as flowers and stones. . . . I must let my eyes see without looking." The frequency with which he recorded the like is indicative of a real struggle; and yet in the later years of his journal-writing there seems to have been a complete capitulation of the thinker to the observer. Although the bulk of his detailed and spiritless recording of data is omitted from the single volume, the evidence is there. If Mark Twain was subjected to an ordeal and was overwhelmed by it, no less was Thoreau. So much the heart of his "Journals" reveals.

This particular view does not seem to have been appreciated by Mr. Atkinson, who discusses Thoreau as a "Cosmic Yankee." Mr. Atkinson's book is interesting, chiefly for its enthusiasm. Although described as a re-interpretation, it is hard to discover anything particularly fresh in it except the somewhat irritated resentment at the older interpreters. But this resentment at the scholastic "fellows of arid imagination" and the "bushy-bearded James Russell Lowell" does not result in any new theme. Mr. Atkinson is full of zest but much confused. As an interpreter, he says of the present generation that he is "sure Thoreau would applaud our freshness, our frankness, our direct point of view, our impatience with the old shibboleths and our determination to begin a new world," but, as with many of the ultra-moderns, this "we" of whom he talks is not the whole generation, for of this he writes in blasting scorn. The author, like many of his temper, communicates a liking for his subject chiefly in terms of his contempt for America past and present; in which respect, after all, he partakes of Thoreau's character in his disposition to "crow like chanticleer from the housetop if only to wake his neighbors up."

PERCY H. BOYNTON.

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